

# PUNCH

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THOSE "British Numbers" of the American magazines *Esquire* and *Holiday*, presenting our national character to the transatlantic reader, came out too early to include a shining example of our traditional integrity—a letter to *The Times* confessing that a "first cuckoo" earlier reported had proved to be a clock next door.

THE impending unemployment of about seven hundred ordnance factory workers, ousted by scientific progress, at least promises about seven hundred ripe recruits for future anti-H-bomb marches.

"PREMIER CURLS UP WITH MR K'S NOTE."  
*News Chronicle*  
One of those burning indictments.

SOUTHAMPTON DOCKERS remained calm when a snake found in a cargo from West Africa was identified as a deadly Green Mamba. One move and they would have struck first.

CONSERVATIVES should "shout their achievements from the housetops," says Mr. L. H. Cleaver, prospective



candidate for Yardley, Birmingham. The danger is that people would only think they were being evicted.

AMERICA's introduction of the radio-active golf-ball, said to be tougher than the conventional type and capable of

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being driven greater distances, has come in for harsh criticism by golfing correspondents on this side. Golfers, on the other hand, feel that to combine the idea with a pocket geiger-counter could save hours of hacking about in the rough.

LORD MANCROFT, Minister without Portfolio, owns a greyhound which he has named Portfolio. The Conservative Central Office is considering presenting



similar animals to future by-election candidates and naming them "Sweeping Majority," "Tory Landslide," etc.

MR. DULLES says that America had considered beating Russia to the announcement on nuclear test suspension, but rejected the idea as "it smacked of propaganda." And doesn't that?

BRITONS determined never, never to be slaves to foreign extensions of territorial fishing waters were further stiffened by a *Daily Telegraph* reminder that "if a 12-mile limit is accepted at Geneva the price of fish and chips will become extremely expensive ..."

## Campaign Coming

THIS swelling glut of butter  
At reasonable charge  
Is bound to cause a flutter  
With men who make the marge:  
Let housewife now take cover  
To munch her buttered buns—  
The ad men must recover,  
And they're reaching for their guns.



## Punch Diary

MR. KHRUSHCHEV has denied having said, in Sztalinvaros of all places, that if the counter-revolution came again the Hungarians must help themselves. There was a time when claims to have been misreported produced only derisive cheers. Shorthand seemed a branch of science, like statistics, and the public trusted it more than politicians. Now its old magic is fading as more and more office juniors look blank when asked to read their notebooks to the man whose words they are supposed to contain. Politicians are row up against the difficulty of convincing the world that reports of their speeches based on handouts are, in fact, correct.

### Eastern Regional Style

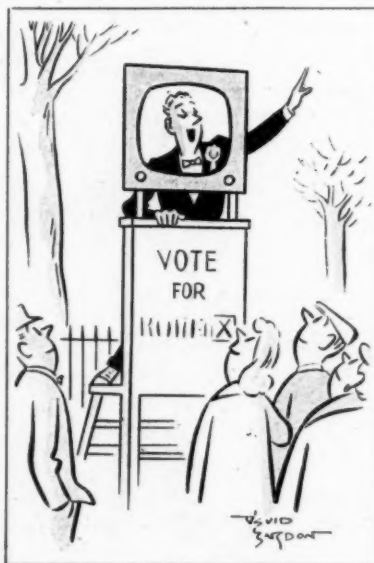
DESCRIBING his interview with Mr. Chou En-lai in the *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. Harold Wilson says he began by asking what were the main prerequisites for an improvement in Anglo-Chinese relations. The Prime Minister said this was a very good question. It is pleasant to find that the leader of a quarter of the human race uses the same technique to get a breathing space as we have become used to on Occidental TV. Next time he will be saying he had hoped to be asked that question or even that he was glad to be there. One can only hope that he does not learn how to get time to think by shaking with comradely laughter like Barbara Kelly or making sure that all his fingers are pointing upward like Dr. Bronowski. Mr. Wilson himself kept well within the TV tradition by not saying it was a very good answer.

### Pay Up or Go Home

UNDER the treaty of Amiens in 1802 it was agreed that Malta should be returned to the Knights of St. John, who had owned it for the previous 270 years. But the Maltese objected, and asked to be governed by the British, who had been looking after them for two years. Now they seem to be changing their minds. I can't see why they shouldn't, but I do have one or two regrets: first for the hypothetical Maltese M.P.s, who might have brought a whiff of garlic into the cold roast beef of our House of Commons; and secondly that Mr. Mintoff did not get into the secession act sooner. He does it so well. His *volte-faces* are performed with such *panache*. His demands have such *brio*. He juggles so dexterously with words. It seems a pity that all this skill should be wasted on a dying art-form, like that of music halls, many of which, it happens, were called *The Empire*.

### A Little Bird Told Me

WEATHER prophets are not without honour, but it seldom lasts long; the Cleethorpes seer who forecast by observing the habits of gnats and swallows was no exception. He lost caste by promising a sunny and dry Easter and has been replaced by a man who relies on the evidence of wind and tides. The gnat and swallow fancier was in a sound classical tradition, though the augurs of Rome relied mainly on the eagle, vulture, owl, crow and raven.



But of all forms of divination—and I would not except haruspication, the inspection of entrails; scapulomancy, interpreting by the shoulder-blade; or hepatoscopy, reading the signs of the liver—the one that has fascinated me above all is taghairm, the healthy, outdoor old Scottish highland custom, away from the crystals, teacups and cards, of seeking inspiration by lying in a bullock's hide *behind* a waterfall. I have often pictured the humiliation of some brash young taghairmist falling for the tyro's trap of getting out there in front of the waterfall and hoping for results. There are, unfortunately, few satisfactory waterfalls in Cleethorpes.

### Entente

THE news that 41 per cent of the French drink tea in the afternoon confirms my belief that the French and British civilisations are changing places. Even the roughest pub lunch now offers wine, though not, alas, "compris." The French State has been finding it difficult to keep the opera and theatres going in Paris, while London seems to have more artistic activity every week. France is fighting a colonial war of which the rest of the world rather disapproves while Britain, reformed and smirking, converts colony after colony from a burden into a market. With beards everywhere, smiling black faces on the Underground and police dogs breaking up political demonstrations, London is becoming Parisian, while in Paris "le five-o'clock" looks like turning into "le cinq heures."

### ... that on Earth do Dwell

A COLLEAGUE of mine has recently been sent his membership card for the National Pets Club, sponsored by the *Daily Mirror*. The Club Code, which is printed inside for the guidance of members, begins with an injunction "To be kind to all living creatures." Regular readers of the *Mirror* may be forgiven the suspicion that the human race is tacitly excluded from this clause.

### Budget Price Changes

Some of the prices quoted in advertisements in this issue of *Punch* were printed before the Budget. You should make sure from your retailer or from the advertiser direct what is the *present correct price*.





# EAST IS WEST . . .

*An escapist enters the discussion of the cold war and the menace of nuclear weapons*

## THE THEORY OF POSSIBILITY

By H. F. ELLIS

FOR the average scientifically uninstructed, politically incurious escapist (whom I may claim to represent) the difficulty in this tremendous nuclear-weapon debate is to know what his own beliefs really are, to pin them down. It is easy enough to have *opinions*. It is easy enough to go about repeating second-hand categorical statements such as that "a nuclear war will mean the extermination of human life on the earth, and anything is preferable to that," or that "subjection to the Russians means an end of all freedom on the earth, and anything is preferable to that." But in the silence of the night, when there is no opponent to subdue, no kudos to be gained by forthright pronouncements, what then? What does one, for certain, know? What, given the ultimate responsibility, would one *do*? What, deep down in the recesses of the heart and mind, does one believe? It is not so easy then.

If I try thus publicly to force my own beliefs to the surface it is not because they are likely to be important or unique but because the almost insoluble dilemma that has confronted me in the process may be shared by others—by inarticulate men and women whose minds, like mine, have been torn this way and that by the clamour of those who have no such hesitations, to whom (whether pro- or anti-bomb) all is clear-cut and simple.

It is possible, I think, to distinguish five propositions, three major and two (relatively) minor, for acceptance or rejection.

1. *That nuclear warfare means the end of the human race.* I find, rather to my surprise, that I do not believe this. I do not believe it as a scientific fact, for I have heard or read nothing to *prove* that man's infinite resource and adaptability would not enable him to survive even this catastrophe. Not even Nevil Shute can convince me that millions

in, let us say, South America might not escape the resulting pollution of atmosphere and vegetation. The rabbits have survived the almost total pollution of their world by myxomatosis. But, quite apart from scientific proof, I do not "believe" the proposition, in the sense that my mind is incapable of accepting it as a factor affecting judgment. As living animals we have an astonishing



capacity for non-acceptance, even of incontrovertible truths. It is a fact that in a hundred odd years everybody now living on the earth will be exterminated. This immense truth has no more effect upon my mind than the certainty that in a very much shorter span I shall myself be dust. There are facts that remain no more than phrases, do what we will; and for me, perhaps because of a failure of imagination, "the end of the human race" is one of them.

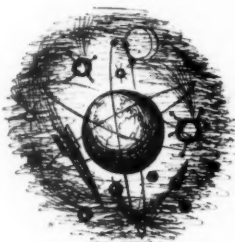
2. The situation is very different when the proposition is expressed in the much less extreme and sweeping form that *nuclear warfare will have genetic effects that may result in the degeneration, physical and mental, of our children's children.* I fully believe this nightmare proposition, and its consequent force as what I have called a "factor affecting judgment" needs no emphasis, I imagine, to any audience of normal, decent men. It is a risk that anyone who

supports our continued countenance of the nuclear weapon is deliberately taking—and for many people that is the end of the matter. They will have no part in it.

3. The third major proposition that must be faced is *that if we do not oppose the nuclear deterrent to Russia's aims we risk the end of freedom throughout the world.* By "we" here is meant ourselves as part of the western world. This too I find I cannot but believe, and revulsion against this danger is scarcely less overwhelming than that aroused by the prospect of humanity polluted and distorted for generations by radioactive poisons. There is a creeping tendency to play down the conclusiveness of a Communist victory as the alternative to dissolution. Tyrannies do not last. They break up through their own internal stresses. The minds of men cannot be for ever subjugated and broken by torture and indoctrination. Look at Hungary, which preserved its soul through years of subjection to the machine. I cannot swallow these soothing draughts. Just as the nuclear weapon is not to be dismissed as only a larger, more destructive bomb, so it seems to me a fatal error to think of Communism—Communism not as a political theory but as we know it to be in practice—as just another Genghiz Khan or Hitler. It is a creed, a "breeder," with possibilities of chain-reactions more endless than anything yet conceived by nuclear physicists. Even conventional tyrannies usually collapse through outside pressures, or at any rate through the examples or distractions afforded by peoples outside their control. The Hungarians had a free world to look to, a glimpse through the bars of something different. They looked in vain, but the vision was there. Once let the choking fungus of Soviet control spread over every land and race, and whence would the outside pressures



come? Whence the hope to stimulate inside pressures? Whence, after a generation or two of "education," even the knowledge that a different kind of life was possible? This is the risk that anyone who declines to oppose Russia by all means is taking—and for many that, too, is the end of the matter.



4. There remain two further propositions, which are "minor" in the sense that they qualify, or attempt to modify, the hideous alternatives confronting us. One is *that our contribution, as a nuclear power, is negligible*. The corollary to this is that we should be more useful as a kind of non-nuclear deterrent, a brake on the two main contestants, an example of renunciation to the world, a means of preventing the spread of nuclear weapons to more and more powers. This is not a question, with all its scientific and political imponderables, about which I am capable of reaching any reasoned conclusion, or even any intuitive belief. It does seem highly probable that, *if the deterrent were used*, our contribution would be comparatively small and extremely short-lived. A few intermediate range missiles launched, perhaps a squadron or two of British and British-based bombers in the air—perhaps, if the warning-time was short, not even that. And then the end. The West's "advance base" would be blotted out, the unsinkable aircraft-carrier would be sunk. America and Russia would continue the war over the smoking ruins of what, the day before, had been Great Britain. Where is the sense, and where the glory, in committing national suicide—for that?

But I cannot, with the best will in the world, convince myself that this is the whole answer. The belief persists that so long as the deterrent is not used (and that, in this weird mad business, is the overriding aim) our contribution is anything but negligible. This is not simply because, until the arrival of the

inter-continental missile, a forward launching-base is essential to the plan of deterrence through the threat of *immediate* retaliation. It is nothing to do with arithmetic, or the fraction of the total stockpile of weapons that Britain can supply. We are an immensely inventive nation. In the last war, though it was American industry that produced the equipment in quantity the early stages of development of such war-winning devices as radar, the proximity fuse, and the nuclear weapon itself were largely carried out in this country. It seems to me pure self-deception to argue that by renouncing nuclear weapons we should not significantly weaken the West's defensive potential. We should rob it, for better or worse, of our inventive genius.

5. The last proposition about which I have tried to clarify my mind is *that there are alternatives, short of pacifism, to our retention of nuclear weapons*. By "our" here is meant Great Britain. I find myself in no difficulty here. My mind rejects this proposition outright. Neither Priestley's militia nor King-Hall's passive resisters nor any other "intermediate" policy I have read of commands even a wishful acquiescence. Such plans seem to me to spring, naturally and sincerely, from the



thought-sequence "I hate the hydrogen-bomb, but I am not a pacifist, therefore there *must* be some middle course. I will construct one." I can understand, and sympathize with, this intellectual process. I should dearly love to construct a plan myself that would satisfy *me*. But two great difficulties stand in the way. First, it seems intolerably naïve to suppose that the Russians would be in any way impressed by our "example," or would scruple, if it suited them, to use nuclear weapons against conventional ones, or even against none at all: the Russian *people* might, but we do not, alas! deal with them. Second, perhaps because I have not got through this

thought-barrier, I cannot conceive of our peaceably admitting an invader, and then stolidly resisting him. The discipline and faith and stoicism required for such a programme might, I suppose, be inculcated by years of spiritual and mental training; but in peace-time, how? Meanwhile, have we



more cold courage than the Hungarians? And what of our children? Do we encourage them to join us in resisting, with all the hideous risks that that involves? Or do we send them off to the Soviet schools to learn how best to inform against us?

There is then, for me, no intermediate solution. The straight choice lies between resistance with the only weapon we have, the ultimate weapon, and pacifism—submission, if you will. And by "we" here I mean—I think I mean—the West. We cannot command the decisions of others, but if in these grim and ghastly circumstances we choose pacifism as the right course, we cannot surely think of it as the right course only for *us*. We must at least be prepared to *urge* it upon the rest of Europe and America. And, of course, Russia.

From all this welter of propositions, personal beliefs, half-beliefs and uncertainties one vital question, and one only, emerges that must be answered before I can decide for resistance or for pacifism. Is it justifiable to risk the mental and physical degeneration of our children's children in an attempt to save them from the risk of a perverted existence in a bleak, grey, mind-controlled world? I find that I am quite unable to answer this question—to answer it with deep-rooted conviction. I cannot balance risk against risk when so many factors are unknown. No intuitive judgment "*this* is the ultimate evil" comes to my aid. And yet—and yet some kind of decision must be



reached. This is not one of those questions on which it is possible for any man, not even a confirmed escapist, to be satisfied with a broadly tolerant much-to-be-said-on-both-sides attitude. It simply is not good enough to be a nothingarian. It is not just a matter of self-respect. Referendums and peace ballots are in the air. The response of individuals to peace ballots has swayed governments before now, and may do so again. It has swayed enemies. Is one to be numbered, on a question that affects the freedom, perhaps the survival of this country and the world, among the "Don't knows"?

Faced by this dilemma, unable to reach a clear decision as to what course is morally right, or even materially desirable, I have been forced to consider not what is right or wise but simply what is *possible*. What is possible, that is, *for us*. Theorizing about courses of human conduct is not much good unless the theory takes into account the powers and limitations of individual human beings, what they are and how they came to be so; and theories about courses of conduct for nations must equally be based not on what their peoples might ideally be but on what they *are*. Let me put it in this way. An excellent plan for defence against nuclear attack would be for all of us in this country to grow skins twelve inches thick, with a specially radioactive-resistant top layer. But it is not a practicable plan. Some such defence may be evolved in time, but not for some millions of years. It seems to me that some at least of the plans put forward for Great Britain in her present dilemma are not so very different. We cannot grow metaphorical thick skins overnight. We are what we are, and what a thousand years of history have made us. I do not believe it is possible for a country that has defended its liberty, reluctantly but

indomitably, since its birth as a nation, to be wrenched, or to wrench itself, into pacifism. I think it can argue itself, or be cajoled, into signing things. It can pass resolutions. But when the pinch comes, when somebody tries to push it about, that is a different matter. A pacifist policy, if it is to be carried through to the bitter end in the face of every kind of provocation and humiliation, calls either for the spiritless cringing of a poltroon or the passionless courage of a saint. I do not believe that this country is inhabited by poltroons, nor do I believe that we can turn ourselves overnight into saints—either by taking thought, or by the simpler action of taking up a pen. And I think our policy has got to take that fact into account.

We are committed by our history to resist. When we quote, as we often do, "We must be free or die . . ." we accept it as a statement about ourselves; we do not add a quantitative limitation ". . . in reasonable numbers." We are committed, too, in other ways. The defence of the western world is based upon the nuclear weapon. It has been so for years. We have agreed to it, and upon that agreement our own forces and those of our allies in Europe and America have been readjusted and disposed. To contract out of that agreement, unilaterally as they say, because the building of missile bases has suddenly brought home to us the hazards we are facing, would be a flat betrayal. I do not say that betrayal can never in any circumstances be justified. There may be those who sincerely feel that, for the sake of mankind, it is justified now. But I do say, stating it dispassionately, I hope, not as a boast but as a fact, that it is a policy Britain will never bring herself deliberately to stomach. Pacifism, renunciation, passive resistance, betrayal—whether these are theoretically right or wrong is beside the point. They are not (such is my cardinal belief) for us *possible*.

The danger, perhaps the most pressing of all the dangers we face, is that others may think they are.

The views expressed in this series do not necessarily represent those of PUNCH. Other contributors will be:

Fr. TREVOR HUDDLESTON  
Dr. J. BRONOWSKI  
ALISTAIR COOKE  
D. ZASLAVSKI (of *Krokodil*)

## LETTERS

(Letters addressed to the Editor, unless specifically marked otherwise, may be considered for publication.)

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—After reading "Fathers of Science, IV," by Evoe, I have questioned several inhabitants of Angoulême on the subject of Charles Augustin de Coulomb—of whom they profess a total ignorance.

His contemporary, General Resnier, however, is proudly commemorated by a plaque on the town's ramparts. He also has a right to be considered as a "Father of Science." Perhaps one of the earliest birdmen, he showed great personal courage, since at seventy-seven years of age he made a jump of over two hundred feet into the valley below the town using a home-made parachute.

Yours faithfully,  
Angoulême SHIRLEY LIFFEN (MISS)

## TRANSLATION

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—You published a cartoon from the Russian magazine *Krokodil*, depicting two Londoners sitting under the shadow of a U.S. H-bomber and reading a newspaper, the headline of which was translated as "Britain threatens the Soviet Union."

Surely this joke would be a good deal funnier if it were correctly translated into "The Soviet Union threatens Britain." Yours faithfully,

ANTHONY HIPPISEY  
Kingswood, Surrey

\* \* Other correspondents are thanked for pointing out the mis-translation.

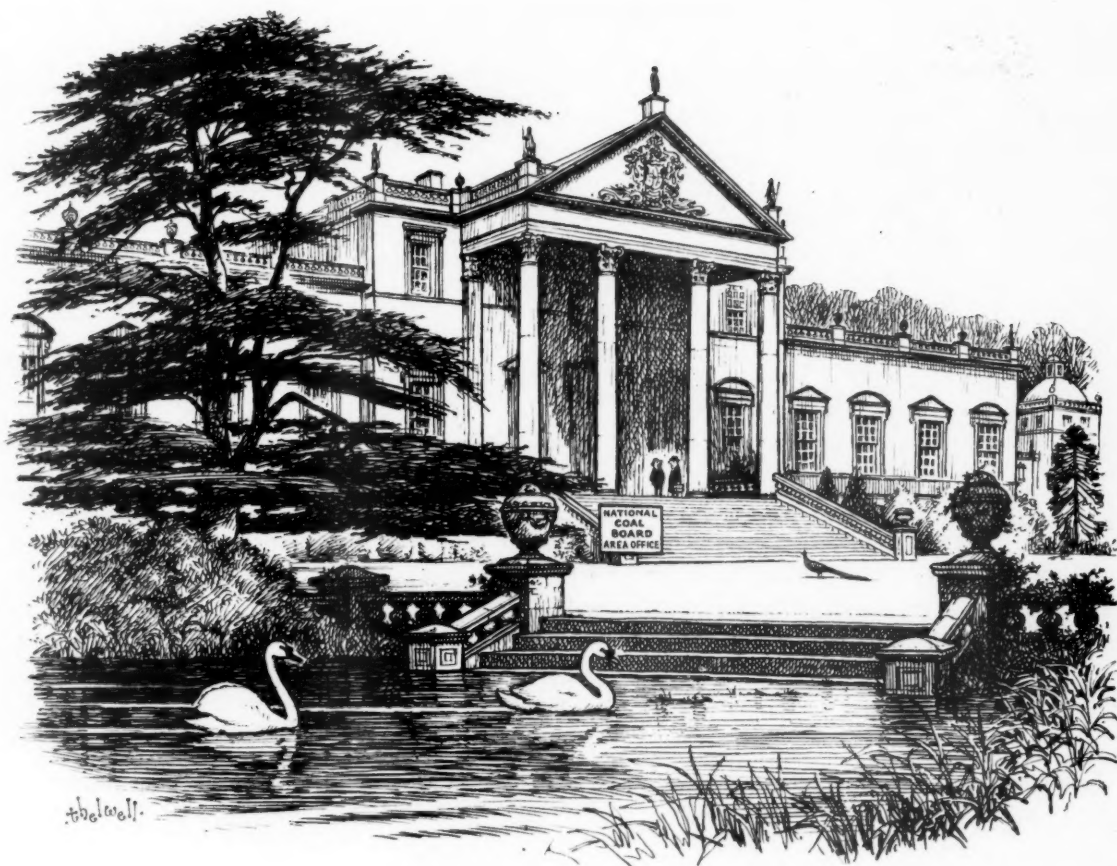
## NON-LAUGHTER REWARD

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—A recent Charivaria item referred to an American television programme in which challengers receive a dollar for every minute they can keep from laughing at a TV comedian. I am sure that under present inflationary standards no one could be found in the United States willing to do anything on TV for a miserable dollar a minute. You will be relieved to hear that the producer of the programme is prepared to pay contestants the sum of one dollar for each second of resistance to the irresistible. Since contestants are selected from a typical studio audience composed exclusively, as I have been able to judge, of unfortunates on the verge of hysteria at the very mention of a comedian's name, I should imagine that the programme's operating budget will remain safely within bounds.

I now look forward to the application of this format to programmes such as "This Is Your Life," wherein the absence of tears will be rewarded in similar fashion. Yours sincerely,

JAMES G. BAIRD  
Hollywood, California.



"If we don't sell some of our surplus coal stocks soon we'll have to consider throwing the place open to the public."

## Purple Pads versus Gasometer

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

"CRICKET is so splendid a game, so subtle, that when I contemplate the international situation it occurs to me that if only we had persuaded the Americans and the Russians to play cricket, and actually get stuck into it . . ." I needn't go on with Mr. Menzies' fine words: they are heard regularly, annually, at smoking concerts and cricket dinners throughout the Commonwealth, in all lands—Holland, Denmark, Brazil and Portugal included—that have fallen under the spell of the king of games and the sport of princes.

Mr. Menzies (supported here of course by his political opponent Dr. Evatt) was saying what all cricket-lovers sometimes think, that it would be

wonderful if the word Tests had nothing to do with H-bombs and fall-out, if boundaries always meant fours and never frontiers. But would cricket *à la Russe* and *à l'Américaine* still be cricket? Before me as I write I seem to have the score-card of a match played at Lord's in 1984 in what is called a World Series Test. It is between Washington Purple Pads and Moscow Gasometer, and I see that it lasted thirty-three weeks, was attended by 823 neutral observers, and ended in a draw. This was the decision of a plenary session of United Nations (Poland and Canada abstaining).

The start, scheduled for May 1, was delayed for some weeks through a

disagreement about the toss for choice of innings. Neither side would accept the use of the other's coinage for this operation, and naturally enough no uncommitted country was anxious to allow its currency to become involved. In the end the Royal Mint issued a special coin bearing the Hammer and Sickle on one side and the American Eagle on the other, but it was a condition of this manœuvre that the metal used should be drawn equally from the Urals and the Rockies.

Winning the toss the Washington Purple Pads elected to bat. After the swearing-in of umpires (Signor Botinelli of Italy and Herr Grautgrub of Eastern Germany) the game began, and the Americans were quickly in trouble. At





"Well sir, just to give us a start, so to speak, you tick off the countries you're not wanted for questioning in."

one stage they were 23 for eight, but a terrific hit for six by Franklin S. Sheldermine of North Dakota (his amateur status at Yale University was afterwards the subject of lengthy deliberations at the International Court at The Hague) brought all the dismissed batsmen back into the game, and the score was edged towards respectability.

At 108 a boundary dispute held up the innings for a few days—the Russians claiming that a fielder on the tarmac in front of the Tavern had been impeded by hostile pigeons, and the Americans averring that the territory in question constituted a neutral enclave. The gasometer bowlers, Smith and Robinski, formerly of Harwell, were clever though strangely inaccurate. Their best deliveries, clearly borrowed from the world of chess, were a cunning leg-break based on the movement of the knight, and a ball called a "slanter" or bishop which came with the arm from the extreme edge of the crease.

Before the Russians batted the screens were surreptitiously painted black by a

gang of U.S. sailors from the *New Forrestal*, and on a protest were repainted duck-egg blue by members of the Club Cricket Conference. The Gasometer tactics were interesting. They batted in depth, often with three or four men at the receiving end, and while they were able successfully to protect their stumps they seemed constantly in danger of falling to run-out decisions. They wore neither pads nor gloves and took innumerable hard blows without flinching.

Herman Axlegrit, the Americans' star bowler, was repeatedly no-balled by umpire Grautgrub "for pitching," and at one time no fewer than five of the fielding side were in the Long Room Sin Bin or penalty box.

The Russians were all out for 2,473. There were no byes.

Going in a second time the Americans reverted to a rounded bat and showed immediate improvement. Cohen hit a nice double century, Schwartz got 1,973 and Nielson notched a very good looking 387. The side collapsed from

2,924 for four to 3,006 all out, and the Russians, left with only 706 to get, were justifiably jubilant.

The days were now shortening and play each day was severely restricted. The British Government delayed the end of Summer Time and promptly lost two by-elections in rural constituencies.

The world was showing much interest in the game. When Gasometer reached 124 without loss Latin America announced that it was thinking of joining the Communist bloc. Then with the fall of two quick wickets (131) rioting was reported from Warsaw and Budapest. The Americans launched two dozen Sputniks and Russia began a new series of K-bomb tests in Antarctica.

And now play was held up for nearly two months by torrential rain, and observers were sent up daily to identify the aircraft said to be responsible for the cloud-seeding. The official report of the incident (published many years later) named Chinese and Formosan air guerrillas.

When play was resumed the Russians progressed slowly to 384 for three and by December 20 had reached 514 for six. With Christmas shopping in the air most of London's department stores, including C. & A. Modes, were declared out of bounds to both teams.

On December 22 a letter signed by 623 members of the M.C.C. appeared in *The Times*. It pointed out that Britain considered her duties as host more than adequately performed, that her patience was exhausted, that the square or table at Lord's was in a shocking condition and could not possibly recover properly in time for the Australian tour of 1985, that anything, even nuclear war, was preferable to the desecration of a great game and a noble cricket ground, and that the signatories would be grateful if the visitors would getthelloutofit.

Humiliated, the Purple Pads and the Gasometer hurried home, and a few days later the Kremlin and the White House issued simultaneous statements. They told the world that Russia and America were in complete agreement: cricket, they considered, was a silly, stupid, boring game suitable only for second-class powers.

The Australian tour of 1985, by the way, seems to have been an unqualified success.

# A Million Minutes to Christmas

*Can statistics fail to fascinate?*

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

READERS of the *Sunday Times* didn't kindle to that letter from a Dutchman pointing out that Churchill was now a thousand months old. That was just the editor's bad luck. You never know what will start an interesting correspondence, and he took a sporting chance. Things might just as easily have gone the other way:

SIR,—I have calculated further statistics on our great war leader, of which the following small selection may merit space in your valuable columns.

Number of times his phrase "iron curtain" plagiarized: 682,091. Quantity of food consumed in aircraft (excluding nutritive fluids): 116 tons, 7 cwt. Socks worn out in the Boer War: 42 prs. Different hats worn in newspaper photographs: 34. If Sir Winston reaches the age of ninety he will have lived for 2,838,240,000 seconds. Ockley RAMSDEN CUCKETT

SIR,—It is high time that the span of human life was calculated in months instead of years. With most of us, financial considerations are paramount nowadays and our incomes reach us in monthly bursts (or should I say squibs!) My family has long adopted this realist approach. I enclose a recent photograph of my wife, aged 504. Carbis Bay J. HOWLE BREATHIER

SIR,—I am reminded of a jingle we learnt at school:

"In over a year and a half  
I've only sung it once,  
And I don't suppose I shall sing it again

For months and months and months."  
I am wondering if any of your readers know the identity of the author?  
Wymondham SYLVIA PILORY

SIR,—What about leap years? There have been twenty since Sir Winston was born. Marlow ARNOLD FOWKES (SIR)

SIR,—I had the honour of meeting Mr. (as he then was) Churchill in Athens

in 1944, and observed that he did not look a day older than his eight hundred and forty months (as they then were). He was rather amused because the official at the entrance to the Parthenon took our tickets, tore them in half and gave half back. "Just like my local cinema at Westerham," chuckled the (then) Prime Minister. Incidentally, does any reader know whether this practice is still continued?

RICHARD WHICKLEY D'ZAPPAT SMITH  
Union Jack Club

SIR,—If Sir Winston had never cut his thumb-nails they would now be over eight feet long.

DEREK FIDGE (aged 11)  
Hatch End

SIR,—Though your correspondent from Amsterdam is no doubt well-intentioned, his letter calculating Churchill's age in months prompts me to protest against present preoccupation with the life-span. In a recent wireless programme, "Have a Go," a contestant, or challenger earned considerable applause on admitting to the age of sixty-one. Life is not merely a struggle to

escape the grave, as so many seem to think at the present time, and those preoccupied exclusively with living as long as possible can hardly give their minds to the daily round. In my opinion this is at the root of our plight in industry.

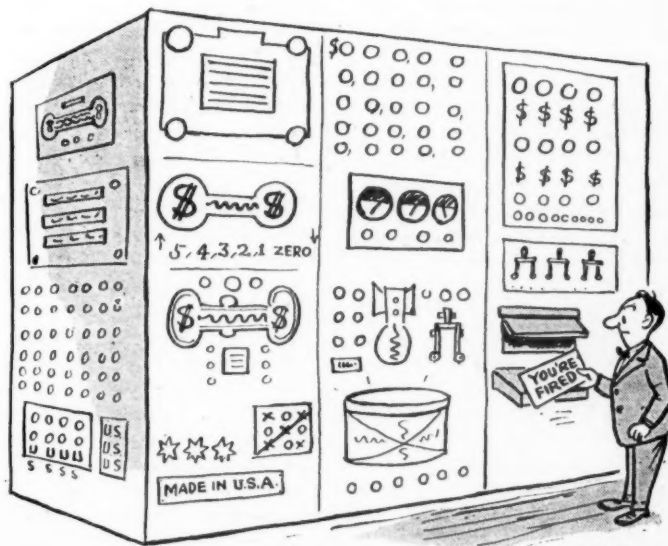
WILLSON D. BLUEBERRY  
Halesowen

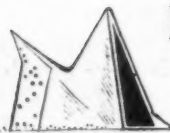
SIR,—Your Dutch correspondent may be interested in the following figures: Sir Walter Scott took just under ten thousand minutes to write the first chapter of *Ivanhoe*. The average Englishman spends two and a half years of his life in the bath. Ladders climbed in forty years' steeple-jacking would reach to the moon and half-way back. World War I got through twenty-eight thousand yards of bootlaces. Ghengis Khan stood two thousand and forty millimetres in his stocking feet. These and other interesting facts may be found in pamphlets obtainable at this address.

G. W. TOPE,  
Secretary, British Association for  
Useless Information,  
22b Clarges Street, W.

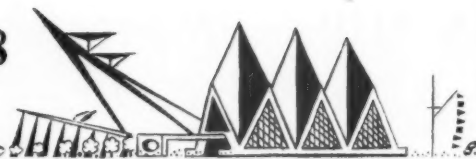
SIR,—I have always wanted to have a letter printed in your excellent Sunday paper and this is to express the hope that my ambition will at last be realized.

RALEIGH BOGGS  
Grewelthorpe (Yorks.)





## BRUSSELS '58



**B. A. YOUNG** writes a last-minute report on the Universal International Exhibition which opens in Brussels this week.

**Y**OU can go by tram, No. 18 or No. 81 from the Bourse, and don't forget that eighty in Belgium is *octante*. This lands you among the amusement parks, but leave those for later and take a cable-car, a brightly-coloured two-seater bucket cruising twenty feet above the crowd, down the blue-and-yellow cascade of the "water stairway" in the Avenue de Belgique and under the straddling legs of the Atomium. Or park your car (parking for thirty-one thousand) opposite the Porte de l'Atomium, from which you get an immediate vista of that refulgent monster better than from any other part of the ground. (This is the right side for photographs in the morning.) Or enter by the Porte du Belvedere and approach through the pretty Belvedere gardens. If you are a king, or a

president perhaps, you can probably go in through the Royal Gate opposite Laeken Palace: if you are in a hurry you can take a helicopter from some adjacent city and land in the Exhibition's own "heliport."

It really doesn't matter how you go in the end, all you fifty million expected visitors, because once there, you will want a good five days to see this great and splendid display. It occupies six hundred acres of royal parkland. It occupies it, incidentally, on the strict provision that the land will be completely restored afterwards; every tree has to be accounted for, which explains the trees that poke up somewhat out of context through the floor of the United States pavilion. A family of magpies still lives contentedly in the trees around the Théâtre de Verdure. (Perhaps they

are waiting to get at the adjacent shopping centre.) The Festival of Britain would drop into the middle of it all and barely show.

The Belgians are at pains to point out that this is not a Trade Fair; it is a Universal International Exhibition. Its only aim is to foster international amity by inducing the nations to vie with one another in displaying their Ways of Life. Already, before the official opening of the Exhibition, some of the nations have effectively done this. One of the British pubs, the "Britannia," was officially opened last week by the British Commissioner-General, Sir John Balfour; Sir John, in pin-striped suit and Old Etonian tie, incorporated in his speech an above-average imitation of Sir Winston Churchill and a parody (sung, not recited) of "Rule, Britannia." It is not thought that M. Ryjkov of Russia will ever sing "Otchi tcherniya" or give an imitation of Khrushchev.

However, the Russians have done their bit in their own way; a workman was shot dead in their pavilion. The *Procureur du Roi* duly intervened; but no charges were made.

Meanwhile the Swiss, having finished the outside of their building, sat around the ornamental pool that abuts on to it and polished the rocks with chamois leathers.

Officially, the nations have been invited to illustrate their Ways of Life by considering the basic theme of Man. This is about as basic a theme as you could ask for, except perhaps Existence, which is no doubt being saved for another Universal International Exhibition later on, and has allowed the nations to go about considering it in a bewildering assortment of ways. The Americans have built what is claimed to be the biggest circular structure in the world, with a prefabricated plastic roof flown in from Manchester, N.J. The Russians have built a huge glass box which includes among other things an oil-derrick and a mock-up of a



"His trouble is that he's 12,000 years before his time."



pithead; visitors can enter the "cage" and subject themselves to an ingenious simulation of the experience of going down a mine. (Not a salt-mine, of course.) Adjacent to these two is the vast wedge-shaped building that houses the offering of the Holy See. Up to the end of last week the only exhibit visible there was an Espresso coffee-machine, but this is hardly likely to be typical. Among the features promised by the Vatican is an appearance by the Pope on television beamed direct from Rome. One can't help wondering if the four or five television aerials sprouting from the Russian pavilion opposite indicate their intention of jamming it.

Next to the Russians is an elegant Canadian erection in glass and blue plastic panels; behind the Holy See the Italians, taking the theme literally, have erected the nucleus of a small Italian village. Between all these pavilions and the rest of the Exhibition stretches a great concrete viaduct, half a mile long and fifty feet high, connecting the Belvedere with the Avenue de l'Atomium. Beyond it lie the rest of the national pavilions: the huge steel-and-glass palace of the French, in shape half-way between a butterfly and an airship hangar; the beautiful Eastern temples of Thailand and Cambodia; the stern glass rectangles of Western Germany; Spain's cubical honeycomb; Finland's exalted packing-cases in polished timber; admirably cool at the foot of the Belvedere hill, the three grey-and-white plywood crystals of Great Britain.

Great Britain's exhibit is brusquely divided into two, reflecting, alas, the financial situation. The greater part of it is a glass tank containing industrial exhibits, nothing to be ashamed of by any means, but hardly imaginative. This is the part paid for, to the tune of two-and-a-half million, by British industry. The British government's half-million was spent, and very well spent, on the smaller hall in which tradition and technology stand, as they should, side by side on equal footing: on the one hand Zeta and Dounreay, on the other the Crown Jewels, or reproductions of them, and a twelve-foot reproduction of Annigoni's portrait of the Queen.

There was said to be some discussion before the Annigoni was chosen, and at one stage, it is alleged, a reproduction of Holbein's Henry VIII was proposed.

When it was pointed out that Belgium was a Catholic country in which Henry's Way of Life would hardly appear sympathetic, this proposal was withdrawn.

But it is pointless to list every nation's pavilion; forty-seven countries are represented, and none is too small to get a show. Monaco has a pavilion and Liechtenstein and San Marino; even Andorra is said to occupy seventy-six square yards somewhere though they are unaccountably hard to pinpoint. Yet when you have seen all these, you have seen far less than half the Exhibition.

Belgium and its colonies rightly take up rather more than half. Every aspect of their lives is on show, in buildings that exhibit every gloriously wilful quirk of exhibition building technique. The Civil Engineering building, with its fifty-yard-long concrete beak defying gravity at twenty insolent degrees from the horizontal, is the acme of good-humoured architectural swagger. Elsewhere are an African village, pavilions devoted to international organizations and to the arts, auditoriums, a fun-fair, and a nursery of unprecedented entertainment.

As you explore the grounds, a strange elusive music slides around the pavilions like the sound of some sidereal harmonium. It comes from the carillon erected by the Holy See. From the viaduct you can see a grey-haired man with a beret and a deaf-aid thumping out with his fists Gounod's "Ave Maria" or the "Barcarolle" from *The Tales of Hoffmann*; the wind blows through his venerable locks. Holland has a carillon too, but there the performer is protected from the elements by a glass box.

At the middle of everything, as inevitable as the Eiffel Tower, is the Atomium. It is a few feet less high



than St. Paul's, but it looks higher, higher than anything you have ever seen because of the complete unfamiliarity of its shape. It is said to represent the atoms in a molecule of iron, magnified fifty million times and stood on one corner, but to those of us who seldom encounter iron molecules its aspect is as strange as if it came from another world (Mars, say). The nine balls are sixty feet across, and covered in shining aluminium; there are escalators in the tubes to take you from one ball to another. In the topmost ball of all is a restaurant. The whole thing weighs two thousand five hundred tons.

When, next October, the rest of the Exhibition closes and the park becomes a park again, the Atomium will remain. It is scheduled to stay there for ten years, but it would be nice to think of it standing there for ever. Only too seldom nowadays is the atom associated with the concepts of peace and progress that are the keynote of Belgium's 1958 Exhibition.

It is hardly necessary to say that it would be mad to visit Brussels in "Expo" time without accommodation booked.

# Toby Competitions

## No. 12—Sincerest Form

COMPETITORS are invited to submit a parody, in 150 words or less, of the work of any regular (contemporary) contributor to *Punch*. The parody should purport to be a passage taken from any section of the paper: there are no restrictions as to choice. The name of the writer parodied should be stated.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive Toby bookmarks. Entries (any number, but each on a separate piece of paper and accompanied by a separate entry token, cut out from the bottom left-hand corner of this page) by first post on Friday, April 25, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 12, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## Report on Competition No. 9

Competitors were asked to choose a caption from the four following:

"Perhaps in future you'll leave things alone!"

"Good morning. Can I be of any assistance?"

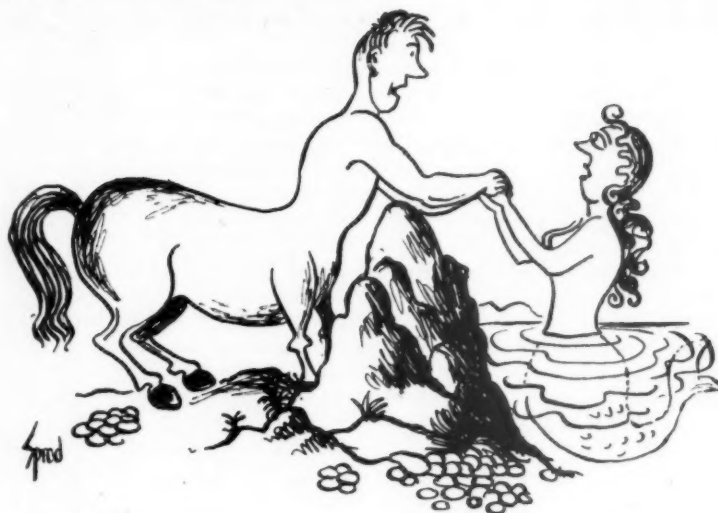
"Darling, there's something I think you ought to know."

"There'll be questions asked about this, I'm afraid."

and describe an appropriate humorous drawing.

There was a large and enthusiastic entry, ranging from the ingenious gentleman who devised a scene to fit any of the captions, to the young lady of ten who submitted an actual coloured drawing of a police constable, armed with a revolver, politely emerging from a jeweller's shop to say "Good morning. Can I be of any assistance?" to the smash-and-grab raider who has just broken the window.

The first and fourth captions produced a great number of grim fancies about the accidental setting off of nuclear bombs and rockets, while the third was taken as a peg for scores of jokes about A.I.D. Indeed, these two subjects proved by far



"Darling, there's something I think you ought to know."

the most popular, although no really hilarious cartoon idea emerged from either.

The prize was awarded to:

FRANCIS CASSIDY  
25A RYEHILL AVENUE  
EDINBURGH 6

for the entry, faithfully reproduced above by Sprod.

Among the suggestions which were left in the final sifting (which was not easy) were the following:

A youngish man and woman are standing side by side in a side-show at Blackpool before the recently purchased statue of Genesis. We are looking at their backs, and the woman is staring down behind the man at his footwear. He is wearing one black shoe, but the other is of a lighter shade. He looks aghast as she says "Darling, there's something I think you ought to know."

(John Francis Ketton, 9, Balmoral Crescent, Wollaton, Nottingham.)

The scene: a single maternity ward. Entering through door, right, is a conjurer who has hurried from his performance complete in top hat and tail coat, carrying his case marked "The Great Presto." A string of knotted handkerchiefs escapes from his coat pocket. He wipes his forehead with a Union Jack handkerchief. In bed is his wife, pleased, welcoming, but embarrassed. To the left of the bed is a cot from which protrude uncompromisingly a pair of rabbit's ears.

Caption: "Darling, there's something I think you ought to know."

(Dr. K. W. Leech, Lugg's Close, Millbrook, Axminster, Devon.)

A. H. TONGUE, Allington, Aldenham Avenue, Radlett, Herts., offered an appealing incident taken from his own experience. He had brought his farm tractor to help a line of motorists stuck in four feet of snow in the high Cotswolds and having pulled out a sports car, approached a second driver with a polite "Good morning. Can I be of any assistance?" unaware that the front bumpers and part of the front of the sports car were still trailing on his cable.

Finally, another motoring story, from J. F. DUFF, 30 Green Road, Black Rock, Co. Dublin, drawn here by Brockbank.

Toby bookmarks will be sent to all competitors quoted above, and to the following: M. J. M. Clarke, 43 Harker St., London S.W.3; L. A. Aldis, 55 Dovercliffe Rd., Old Swan, Liverpool 13; M. G. McEntegart, 7 Deemount Rd., Aberdeen; David S. Whitaker, 10 Perryfield Rd., Crawley, Sussex; Charles Campbell, 3 Albert Drive, Bearsden, Dunbartonshire; Wm. A. Bagley, 37 Haileybury Ave., Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middlesex; W. M. Mathers, 12 Hunter's Ave., Barnsley, Yorks; Andrew Leggatt, 40 Portland Place, London W.1; and Rosamund Willson, 35 Lauderdale Drive, Petersham, Surrey.



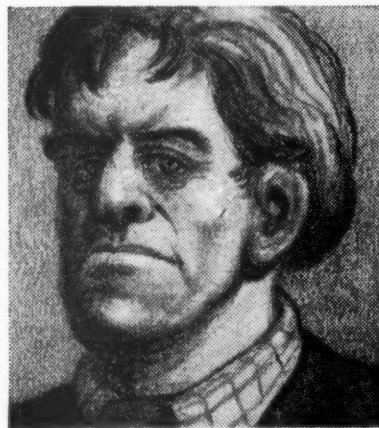
"Darling, there's something I think you ought to know."

# PUNCH THROW-AWAY SUPPLEMENT

*Readers of RADIO TIMES will welcome this addition to their weekly ration of pull-out supplements. This one, which in the hectic pursuit of novelty is printed on white paper, deals with the ever-important subject of*

## Killing Time

Although it is not of course its primary object, the invention of wireless and television has brought to every family an unrivalled chance of killing time. To-day we can sit by our sets for hours on end without getting anything done, or even having a coherent thought in our head. Some people, however, do not yet know how to take full advantage of this great opportunity, and are constantly visited by the urge to turn their viewing and listening to practical use. This supplement is designed to help such people to a more pointless approach towards their radio.



*How long have you spent wondering who this is a picture of?*



THIS SUPPLEMENT contains full instructions to enable an average family to waste their entire leisure for a week. It is designed to be used with the appropriate programmes on Network 4 and television.

programmes are designed to show how what seem to be quite profitable activities, such as dancing and washboard-playing, can be turned into something utterly insipid.

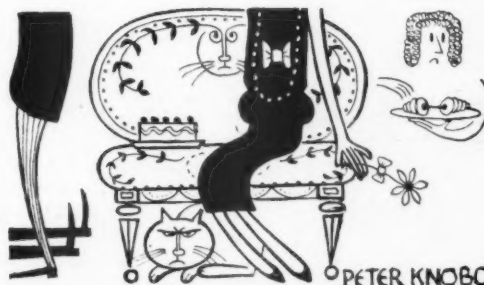
The Nandi phrases on p. 518 should be used in conjunction with the Nandi conversation lessons on Tuesdays. Learning Nandi is one of the most satisfying ways of wasting time, especially for the Nandi themselves, who speak it already.

Growing your own marijuana in a window-box is a splendidly futile occupation, as it is sure to be impounded if you try to smoke it. In his first, and last, television appearance, Napolium Dogpatch will tell you on Saturday how to go about this fascinating pursuit.

On Thursdays at nine Network 4 will broadcast a special series entitled "Killing Time for Teenagers." At this difficult age so many young people feel a fatal over-confidence about wasting time. These

Next week's throw-away Supplement will contain a lighthearted article on How to Make Your Own Throw-Away Supplement by

**Maureen Flanagan**





# Friends to Breakfast

## ENTERTAINING EARLY

What pleasanter opening is there to a day than to receive by the first post an invitation to breakfast the same morning? As you read the words "9 for 9.30" and telephone your hostess to say you will come, there is the agreeable feeling that comes from a day's opening gently. And what pleasanter opening is there for the hostess? A few suggestions about what to eat and what to do may not, perhaps, come amiss.

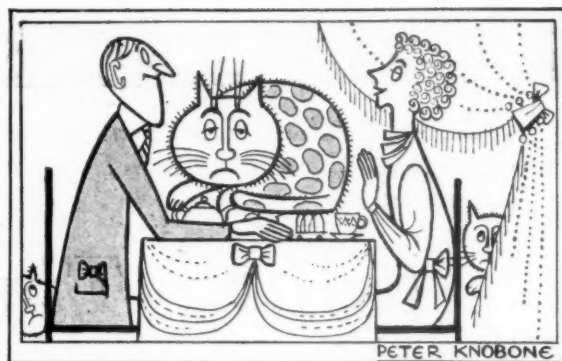
## WHAT TO EAT

### Nuts

Start with nuts. These are full of nourishment and the leisurely cracking of the shells—especially if only one pair of nutcrackers is provided—gives plenty of opportunity for digestion and conversation. In time the party may feel inclined to move on to more solid fare. A good, stout cereal, well besprinkled with sugar and thoroughly dowsed with cream is an easy-to-serve dish that will flatter most normal palates.

### Stuffed Sardines

Next might come cold ham, cold boiled eggs in their shells, a crisp salad and, to make that little difference from other meals in which so much of catering consists, gaily interwoven mustard-and-cress. This might be followed by *pâtisserie*. To end with why not try stuffed sardines? A choice of drinks should be provided. Tea is easy to prepare, leaving the hostess with plenty of time to give to Cup. (A pinch of ginger improves most Cups out of all recognition.) During the period after the main meal is disposed of, chocolates will be expected.



## WHAT TO DO

### Reading

Indoor obstacle races and the like are Out, except for very old friends whose tastes are well known. If there is to be dancing the choice should be heavily weighted in favour of the gentler dances. Many guests will enjoy a prolonged gossip or even a light snooze before tackling anything strenuous. Possibly, if one of the company reads aloud well, news items of the lighter kind might be read from the daily paper.

### Writing

Then why not a few pencil games? A good one, if it is not rushed, is seeing how many words beginning with

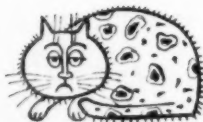
a given letter you can think of. For the dogged, cutting lino into arabesques with nail-scissors will while away the hours. Competing to see who can memorize the most entries in the telephone directory in, say, half an hour, will appeal to some temperaments.

### Music

Old musical instruments can often be acquired for very little and these can be handed round to those who have not studied them. Time will pass faster than proficiency increases for the novice 'cellist or bassoonist. Charades are better left until after "elevenses" but there is always a welcome for progressive patience.

# How to Stop Yourself Thinking When Sitting

PETER KNOBONE



*Mens placida in corpore placido* is not always easily attained. Even the man who lies back in a deep armchair with his feet on a footstool and his head on a cushion may be finding his brain tied in knots. The first way to obtain true harmony between body and mind is to abandon

any hope of emptying the mind of its contents by concentrating on the idea of emptiness, a very common mistake. Once you think about not thinking you are done, and may even find yourself drifting into philosophy. It is far, far better to fill your mind with a series of thoughts of declining density, e.g., The Future of the Conservative Party—Mr. Macmillan—Mr. Macmillan's moustache—facial hair in man—facial hair in animals—sheep—sheep jumping over

hedges. The last thought, indeed, may lead to sleep.

If complete annihilation of consciousness is not aimed at but only the absence of such drains on mental energy as reasoning or worrying, there is a good deal to be said for the composition of verse. Here the poet should deliberately reject any idea of standards and should not seek the best rhyme or rhythm. He should always be prepared to change the meaning if the slightest difficulty impedes the flow. Then

## REMINDERS

This would be a good moment to sharpen *all* your pencils at both ends.

When did you last wipe clean the leaves on your rose trees?

Are you sure you have found out *exactly* how many bearded men live in your street?

There is still time to write a letter to your local paper about cuckoos.

How long is it since you started an argument about whether the milk should be poured first?



PETER KNOBONE

## Waste More Time Motoring

You will find many ways of making your motoring take up more of your leisure if you study the Wednesday evening talks of the Motor Man on Network 4.

You have unique opportunities here, denied to ordinary mortals. What mere pedestrian knows the luxurious pleasure, on a weekly Saturday morning trip to the local shopping centre, of *deliberately* scouring each and every street, lane, road and by-way for parking space, *twice*, before proceeding to the official Car Park, which then turns out to be full?

The following code comprises eight cardinal rules. It should be taken down at dictation speed, copied out carefully, cut out with scissors and pasted on the *outside* of the windscreen. Whenever it peels off it should be replaced.



1. I will prise all pebbles out of my tyre-treads before going to bed each night.
2. I will try to get an even higher polish on my distributor-head.
3. I will pull in to a lay-by every 20 miles, and search the map for short cuts.
4. I will thoroughly wash my car whenever a snowstorm is imminent.
5. I will try to find out for myself what that funny noise is.
6. I will familiarize myself with the functioning of the lay-shaft cluster gears and the reverse speed selector fork.
7. I will spring clean my garage after every 200 miles.
8. I will economize by teaching my wife to drive.

why not sometimes imagine what some of your friends would look like if they exchanged heads?

One helpful method is to look round the room, assuming you decide to keep your eyes open, and name the various objects in any language that occurs to you, deliberately not bothering about whether you are right or wrong. If, for example, you look at a table and, forgetting the Latin "mensa," murmur to yourself "champignon," which happens to be the French for mushroom, just as much time will have been unstrutiously

passed as if you had got it right—more, in fact, as the word used is longer.

There is a good deal of occupation to be derived agreeably from taking the principal colours in turn and allowing the images they suggest to float across the mind. Perhaps the surest method of all is to imagine you are on a psychologist's couch and just let your mind rip. If you talk to yourself it would be as well to make sure you are alone in the room and be particularly careful to make sure that you are not, in fact, on a psychologist's couch after all.

## MORE REMINDERS

- Have you crossed all your cheques "account payee only"?*
- Have you filled in your size in gloves in your pocket-diary?*
- Have you cleaned your slippers this morning?*
- Have you scoured the inside of the garden-roller ready for the week-end?*
- Have you turned up the bathroom calendar?*
- Have you dusted the spokes of your umbrella?*
- Have you beeswaxed the walking-sticks?*
- Have you disinfected the front-door bell-push?*
- Have you changed round the carpets this month to equalize wear and tear?*
- Have you checked that the music in the piano stool is in alphabetical order?*
- Have you weighed the cat?*

## 46. STOLE WITH BOLERO GUSSET

Thursday, May 17 (SS. Peter and Paul)

THE STOLE is backless and strapless, but can be made with detachable back and straps if desired. It is suitable for busts from 28 inches to 48 inches.

### MATERIAL NEEDED

Any material will do provided it has the longer sides running parallel. Patterns in thin brown paper can be supplied from the B.B.C. Sewing Department.

### TO MAKE

Fold your material as shown in the diagram on the left.

Take your bust measurement, add six inches, subtract it again if this takes you into three figures, and mark it off along the edge of the material.

Turn the material over. Score lightly with a sharp knife along the dotted line, make a chalk mark along the second dotted line, and fold along the third dotted line. It is important to do these in the right order so that the two triangular sections will come down over the shoulders.

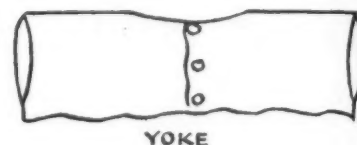
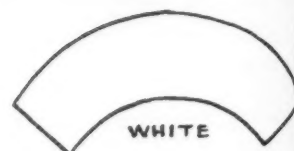
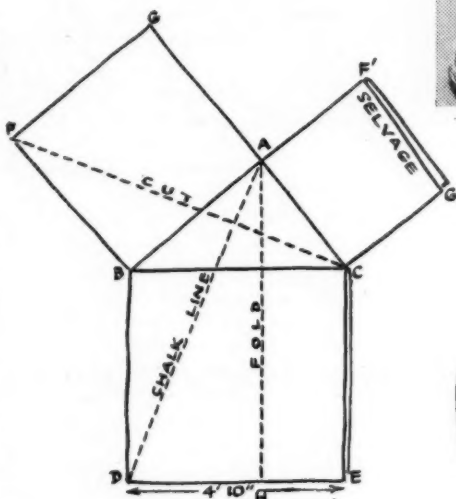
Then apply the triangle ABD to the triangle FBC.

Since the side BF = the side AB,  
the side BD = the side BC,  
the angle ABD = the angle FBC,  
∴ the two triangular panels will fall symmetrically down on either side of the bolero top.

Add buttons to taste and sew lightly till done.

## HOBBIES

No one devoted to the pursuit of passing the time can afford to be without a hobby. The following suggested hobbies are calculated to spend other people's time as well as your own, and in some cases they are guaranteed to lack any end-product. For instance, a Mrs. Doris Spendrift of Stockton, last week's winner, claims to have spent a total of eighteen months over the last five years travelling around Britain in



search of genuine old elm cider-bottles for her collection. She has purposely taken a house with a large attic, where the wooden bottles she finds will never be shown off to their best advantage, because none were ever made.

Here are some more time-devouring pursuits:

Collecting photographs of Ulysses S. Grant.

Composing chamber music for a quintet of dog-whistles.

Modelling in Stilton.

Visiting very deep holes.

Knitting raincoats.

Making matches out of burnt cathedrals.

Filling round fifty-cigarette tins with coloured sand.

Playing imaginary games of whist, without cards, all by yourself, in a darkened room.

## Useful Nandi Phrases

("Teach Yourself Nandi" with Laibon Kimungoi arap Cherop: Lesson 325, Tuesday, May 15.)

**Mawalakse tuguchu.** These things are not interchangeable.

**Kawirja timin pelyo.** An elephant has thrown me into the bush.

**Atinye rotwet ne ng'atip.** I have a sharp knife.

**Aman es.** I have malaria.

**Makisoptosi agoi.** We shall not live for ever.

**Kigona talulukiat kitigin.** He gave me a small piece of jelly.

**Kimaje kebe Cannes.** We are going to Cannes.

**Kichupke lakok.** The children cursed one another.

**Mi ano poiyoit ingen ponisiet?** Where is the man who can work magic?

**Magomi ropta.** It looked like rain but it passed over.

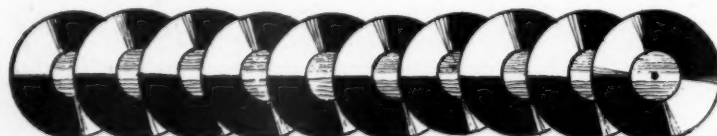
**Tos i berberan?** Are you kidding?

**Keburukte chego pek.** You have put water into the milk.

**Ng'ot agerin abirin.** If I see you I will beat you.

**U ne chepkoigojet ne ng'ung' rani?** How is your tortoise to-day?

**Maje komeji ga.** He wants to die at home.



This month's top ten



# Calling All Tapespondents

By E. S. TURNER

*A new system, which may make it possible to tape-record television programmes at home, calls for an analysis of the uses of existing machines.*

IT does not call for any effort to think of the fun a family gets from a tape recorder," runs the advertisement. Yet experience shows that, sooner or later, the owner of a tape recorder is put to considerable effort to think of ways of getting his fifty guineas worth.

Punctiliously, he carries out all the bright feats suggested by the manufacturers. That is, he captures Baby's First Word and compiles a set of recorded bedtime stories (these are particularly useful, because "at the beginning of the evening there always seems so much to do.") He invites the Fosters for the evening and switches on during the after-dinner conversation, but the result, frankly, is disappointing; perhaps he should have warned the Fosters that they would be on the air with the savoury?

Again, he trails his apparatus into the front pews at the wedding of Cousin Shirley, and earns for his pains a black look from the vicar. He records half a dozen voices for his Voice Collection, all of them regrettably facetious. The only worth-while item in his Family Scrap-Book is young Edna singing "I'm a little tea-pot," and that, of course, was meant for vision as much as for sound.

On a day off he takes his recorder up to London looking for something more piquant, only to be expelled with ignominy from the public benches of the Divorce Court and waved away from the purlieu of Westminster. Finally, he is reduced to recording the twittering of starlings outside the National Gallery, and even there the policemen look at him sharply. He feels not only cheated, but misunderstood.

At this stage, with luck, he will buy a copy of a magazine called *Tape Recording*, which will at once dissolve his frustrations and open up dazzling new vistas before him. Now at last he can learn to put his tape recorder to constructive, creative use.

He will find that instead of wasting tape on his family he could have become a tapespondent. There exist, as he will discover, many international clubs

whose members exchange talking tapes. Among them are World Tape Pals, with headquarters in Texas, and Tape-Respondents International, operating from Arkansas. There is also the Friendly Folk Association, of Torquay.

In starting a tapespondence, there is a certain amount of protocol to be observed. For example, unsolicited tapes should not be sent, as this puts the prospect under an obligation; he may already be too busy to take on any additional tapespondence.

When a prospect has intimated a willingness to receive tapes, he should on no account be subjected to a prepared speech. "Call your friend by his first name—and mention his name from time to time throughout the tape," advises *Tape Recording*. Controversial subjects should be avoided. It is a good idea to ask one's tapespondent a couple of questions, so that he can have something on which to bite. Padding must be avoided. It is better to leave part of the reel blank or to fill it up with music, first ascertaining the other's musical taste.

"Eventually the tape will come back to you: this is probably the greatest thrill of this whole hobby—listening to your first tape from a new friend." A particularly satisfying tape may be retained if the owner agrees; but the owner must, of course, be reimbursed with a tape of equal value.

It is not clear from *Tape Recording* whether tapespondents chat to persons of the opposite sex. After some ten years of this activity there must surely be instances of proposals of marriage made on tape, the reels being afterwards carefully filed away. May it be long before a tapespondent is cited as a co-respondent.

For a citizen who glowers at talkers in the train and has not exchanged more than six words with his neighbours in as many years, the strain of dictating a long tape to a stranger full of "Well, Joe, how are the rabbits getting on, Joe . . ." may be excessive. One solution is to join a tape club with a special-interest. According to a contributor signing himself Homo Tapiens, the

first two issues of *Tape Crosby* were not unpromising. The idea was to open with a discussion on "some aspect of Bing Crosby's art and achievement." The tape was then circulated to various members who added their five-minute comments and criticisms. Among the questions raised and answered was: "Was Bing's voice better in the 'thirties than it is to-day?"

For recorder-owners who are more interested in music than in conversation, *Tape Recording* gives advice on how to create *musique-concrète*, in which real sounds are incorporated in conventional music, and electronic music, a noise form popular with the *avant-garde*.

According to a contributor with the post-nominal letters F.R.S.A. and L.R.A.M., anything lying round the house is a potential noise-maker, and how right he is. He warns that electronic music is more cerebral than the ordinary kind, but it does arouse "an emotional response which is not directly antagonistic." A typical passage may involve "vague and unplaceable twitterings, disturbing rumblings, a mixture of sensuality and cold mathematics." To one layman at least, this sounds uncomfortably like the accompaniment to a calculated, middle-aged seduction.

It is satisfactory to learn that creators



"You may still be living in the 'twenties, Dora, but Heathcoat Amory isn't."

of electronic music "subject themselves to rigid disciplines." Those who find difficulty in understanding it should at least "give them credit for the incredible labour and æsthetic conscience-searching which they have to go through to produce it."

The novice at this art is urged to match up the timbres of his noises and to try to work out his composition beforehand, "though by all means 'jam' sometimes." He should start with "a limited sound palette," which means, perhaps, that he should not assemble all the domestic noise-making objects—the hair-dryer, the wine glasses, the alarm clock, the Mama doll and so forth—on one spot. A metronome will give him all he wants in the way of cold mathematics. The sensuality he must work out for himself.

Obviously the time for rehearsals is when the children are out of the way, listening to their recorded good-night stories upstairs. Any reasonable wife will assist in creating electronic music, once the object is explained to her; provided, of course, that she does not want the instrument to dictate her weekly tape to her G.I. in Tripoli.

If, however, a wife should prove unco-operative she might yet be interested in the proposition outlined by an advertiser in *Tape Recording*: "Derive extra pleasure by recording my short man and wife sketch, 'Wot, No Dinner?' Two copies, 2s. 3d. post paid."

From the start, *Tape Recording* has been at pains to discourage its readers from putting their recorders to unseemly uses. In an early issue it wrote: "In the States we hear there was a craze for hiding recorders in ladies' powder rooms and playing back the results to cause maximum embarrassment. If we can avoid in Britain some of the more *gauche* activities of this kind, so much the better."



## Fathers of Science—VI

MENDELÉYEV (DMITRI IVANOVITCH) 1834–1907. *Professor of Chemistry and best known for his work on the Periodic Law of the Atomic Weights. In 1871 he was led by certain gaps in his tables to assert the existence of three hitherto unknown elements which he called eka-boron, eka-aluminium and eka-silicon. These were subsequently verified and named gallium, scandium, and germanium.*

WHAT fiery dreams, what visions grandiose,  
There in the awful waste of Russian snows  
Where ravening wolves pursue the escaping sledge  
Till the flung victim foils their hunger's edge,  
Haunted great Mendeléyev—every ounce  
A physicist though awkward to pronounce—  
As in the yet Uncurtained East he stood  
Entitling, not for any private good  
But for the sake of ages yet to come,  
The various elements which end in "um"!

Read once again the interesting note  
Which from a book of reference we quote;  
—Shame on a scantier work that could produce  
Some bare two lines about him, like Larousse  
And never a portrait of the man is shown  
As in the case, e.g. of Mendelssohn  
And in the right-hand column, if you please,  
A thumb-nail sketch of Mephistopheles!—  
Yet quite as great as these, or nearly quite,  
The glory that surrounds this Muscovite  
Who shared the secrets lurking in his breast  
Freely with all the savants of the West:  
Born in the midst of dread Siberia's plains,  
Where prisoners writhe in their perpetual chains,  
At Omsk, or else Tobolsk—I think the latter  
(Tobolsk or not Tobolsk is no great matter)—  
He rose to honours which he did not prize  
In countless Chemical Societies  
And cast a glamour at succeeding dates  
Round the whole theory of Atomic Weights.

So true it is that Empires hour by hour  
Crumble to Dust and wither like a Flower,  
While Science, careless of ephemeral Fame  
Is always up to some astounding game  
(Far more in fact than I have time to say)  
Causing Delight to some, to some Dismay;  
More Speed, more Energy, more Wisdom soon,  
More potent Drugs, more tickets to the Moon,  
More power to rule this Earth by mortal wits,  
And still more power to Burst it into Bits.

EVOE



## Caught on the Hook

By ANTHONY CARSON

### *An Adventure in Holland*

THERE are places just at the end of the world which hardly exist, which serve as a sort of gate to open as quickly as possible to get somewhere else, such as Folkestone, Gibraltar and the Hook of Holland. The Hook is quite a frantic piece of limbo, miles away from anywhere, hideously expensive, petering out, among ugly marine buildings selling fried potatoes, into windy sands and a huge grey sea like an angry old widow. There is a small angular town near the port, and you have to walk miles to the beach. The air, however, is healthy and one can concentrate on breathing. I tried to put up in a guest house near the beach. One approaches through dwarf fir trees, crammed with shivering children, and suddenly among all this frigid sand and hopeless brick there is a huge garden swarming with flowers. I tried to get a room, but it was full up for months.

I walked back into the town and went to the Hotel Excelsior. It was a huge gloomy building with a smell of 1910, very expensive, and full of old English ladies jammed up against the front windows peering at the sky. "How long do you intend to stay?" asked the manager, taking my passport. "I don't know," I said, "it depends on the

weather. I'm going to Harwich, but I thought I'd have a bit of sea and sun for a few days." "Like lots of them here," said the manager, nodding towards the old ladies; "some of them have been here for months. Packing and unpacking. Great strain on the staff." I put on a pair of *lederhosen* and walked down to the beach. There was a gale blowing and a certain amount of hail. A number of quite blue children were actually swimming and in the deserted cafés a few engine-drivers, assistant pursers and *wagons-lits* men drank beer and listened to the juke boxes.

I had dinner and went to bed. Early in the morning I was woken up by a bugle and a voice shouting "By the right, quick—march!" I looked out of the window and saw a British Army depot. I lay for hours on my bed listening to marching boots and the barks of N.C.O.s. Should I take the boat now? Why was I here? For something to happen. Something Dutch. It was essential for my trade. Once back in England I might be trapped backwards in the clubs for years, plotting to escape. I got up and, although it was raining, put on my *lederhosen* and went

downstairs for breakfast. The old ladies were still at the windows and the hotel lounge was full of Englishmen visiting the battlefields. There were a few Dutch there too, but they all looked so hideous you could put the lot in Hastings on a rainy Sunday.

After breakfast I went to the bar. It was pouring torrents, and I saw one of the old ladies crying. "Gin," I said. "Have this with me," said a voice behind me. I turned around and saw a small man with a bald head. "Thanks," I said. "Here long?" he asked. "I don't know," I said, "it depends." "Fun, eh?" he said. "Fun," I said; "are you trying to be sarcastic?" "Not a bit of it," he said. "You staying long?" I asked. "Backwards and forwards," he said. "I look after the toilets on the boat." "What's it like?" "Smashing tips," said the small man. "My name's Bert. There's a dance to-night at the palais de danse. Ship dance. Girls and all that. Care to come?" "Thanks very much," I said. Something might happen after all.

The dance hall was like any dance hall in South London. There was a small bar with flags on it where people were drinking tax-free beer. I could see men in all kinds of uniforms—Dutch



railways, international sleeping cars, station-masters, high-ranking porters, assistant pursers and a sprinkling of browned-off troops, English and Dutch, both terribly similar. "Ship men take precedence here," said Bert. "You can always get a girl if you are a ship man. Then come engine-drivers, *wagons-lits* men, then soldiers, ticket-collectors and the rest." "What about me?" I asked. "Are you railways?" he asked. "No, I'm a writer," I said. "A writer," said Bert, "that's a puzzler. *Wagons-lits*, I should say at a rough guess."

During the dance I met a pretty Dutchwoman called Gerda. The old buried song trembled in my nerves. I could never have believed it could happen on the Hook. I took her outside

and it had already stopped raining. "Are you ships?" she asked. "No," I said, "I'm a writer. From London. I'm going back to-morrow." Suddenly she burst out crying and I held her by the arm. "I can't bear the Hook any longer. I'm coming too." "That's nice," I said.

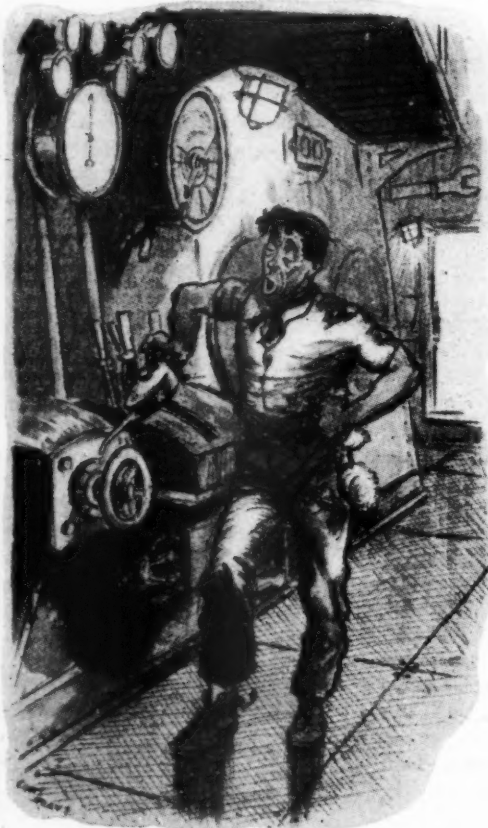
I met her on the boat the next morning. It was suddenly a beautiful day and we sat on deck chairs watching the gleaming sea. "I've never been to England before," she said. "I've got a husband in Harwich. We've been married ten years. He's a third engineer on this run. He's the most wonderful man in the world." "Oh," I said.

I left Gerda at Harwich and took the

train to London. That very evening I was back in the clubs, up to my ears in scandal and chemical wine. It's as tough as climbing Everest, but there are no views. "Where have you been?" asked one of my false friends. "The Hook of Holland," I said. "What's it like?" he asked. "Absolutely fascinating," I said. "Did you say the Hook?" asked a man in a marine peaked cap. "I know the Hook inside out. It's awful. I'm a third engineer on the Dutch run." We had a few drinks together. "Got one wife in Harwich and another on the Hook," he confided. "Been going on ten years. Neither of them know anything about it. I see to that. I'm off to Harwich now. We'll have one more before I go."

## CHESTNUT GROVE

*Charles Grave's drawings appeared in PUNCH from 1912 to 1941. His interest lay in ships and the sea; he aspired to do for the Port of London what Phil May had done for the East End.*



"Heart of oak are our ships . . ."

[February 1, 1939]

## Anyone for Dominoes?

*It is reported that Granada's TV drama programme will feature "down-to-earth plays about life as it goes on in 1958 and not in a mythical country house in 1910."*

NOW sleeps the silk hat on its shelf,  
The cocktail-shaker moulders;  
The old chaise-longue seems somehow wrong  
For democratic shoulders.  
Farewell to chafing-dish that held  
The kedgeriee and kidneys—  
Bring good, strong bowls to please the proles  
In Warrington and Widnes.

*Let Shaftesbury Avenue dispense  
Its pink dramatic jelly;  
A currant duff—the real stuff—  
Is what they want on Telly.*

With silk and sable, brogue and tweed  
The wardrobe floor is cluttered;  
The pear-shaped vowels of Kensington  
Will nevermore be uttered.  
Come! Strike the Monte Carlo set,  
Find somewhere dark to dump it;  
It's not for Mum and Dad in Brum—  
Aunt Edna? She can lump it!

*O pray that we may never see  
(For e'en the shortest season)  
Our nice Miss Leigh or Edith E.  
With grubby dungarees on!*

RODNEY HOBSON



## BOOKING OFFICE

## Reviewer's Début

**I** FIRST landed in book-reviewing because a man I had been at school with took over the editorship of a long established family magazine while he built up a practice at the Bar. As the magazine was religious in tone his budget was low; in journalism the higher the principles the lower the pay. Naturally he turned to men he knew already, though he also had an inexplicable pool of minor German royalty and printed pieces in the paper about how he had lunched them at the Savoy. I was flattered wild by being invited to write in public, and not even having to return the book once I had finished it. Soon books of the most varied kind began to arrive with requests for two or three thousand words on each. The readiness of people to review for nothing is a standing grievance among those who manage to get paid for doing it. However, I was not always a hundred per cent blackleg. When I was promoted to reviewing for the magazine's even more time-encrusted stablemate I was also promoted to half a crown a review and I have a hazy recollection of touching three-and-six just before, in a flurry of modernization, they stood me off.

Like most people I had a completely false impression of the world of reviewing. I thought of it as a racket. In fact over the last twenty years or so I have only once been offered a bribe. (This of course may simply be a reflection on my pulling power: Raymond Mortimer or Nancy Spain may have better offers.) Unfortunately I could not believe that any paper I was connected with would give space to a review of the book, favourable or unfavourable: Eastern mysticism or financial advice, perhaps yes—a combination, no. As for the story that it is all done at cocktail parties, I have been asked to *one*, where there was no suggestion that I should do anything about the book and, as my hosts knew, the decision on whether it would be reviewed did not lie in my hands. I have published only one book myself but there was no binge for that, unless

they kept it dark from me, or me from it.

I also believed that I was going to be something new in the literary world by actually reading my books. The story that nobody ever does more than ruffle the leaves was launched by reviewers back in the days when anyone even faintly connected with the Press was ever so cynical. On reputable papers, where reviewers are given the time and money they need to do the job properly, not only do they read books but they take considerable trouble to read round them, for instance by catching up with an author's previous novels. There are few pleasures like being paid to read a book you would have wanted to read anyway.

When my literary career began I was

teaching in a boarding school and I rather enjoyed mentioning to my better pupils that I not only wrote for the press but was invited to write for the press. I knew that some reviewers avoided having to think of something to say by copying bits out of the books and linking them with negligible causeries. I felt that this was dishonest. Sometimes I was so anxious not to earn my right to keep the book by leaning on it that I omitted to give any description of it at all and used every drop of my wordage in general comment, often on topics that had not previously crossed my mind. Looking back at my 'prentice output, I feel now that much of it suffered from being written in a room with two baths.

My bedroom was thinly partitioned from a dormitory, and the leper's squint which, I imagine, I was paid to look out of was more often used by boys looking in. I knew that if I typed in it any audience would soon lose its awe at seeing literature in the making and my ears would burn while I tried to improvise strong views on Turkey or William Barnes or The Healing Powers of Thought. If I camped in an empty classroom it would soon fill up with boys trying to get at my typewriter and repair it. The Common Room, already small, was rather full of weapons I used for giving reality to history lessons, and in any case my typewriter's merry clack would have taunted my colleagues as they corrected exercises and made out teams and fiddled marks. They were the most long-suffering colleagues I have ever had; but my machine was an early model in which, as in sports cars, noise was a selling point. This left only a bathroom. It was warm and I could sit on a brown windsor chair and rest the typewriter on the edge of the bath. It was odd that the noise boomed out not only from the bath with which I was in contact but from the other bath too. Once another master watched a parent being taken round the school by his son. The parent paused in surprise at the foot of the stairs. The boy said in a matter-of-fact way, "That's Mr. Price reviewing."

R. G. G. PRICE

## NOVEL FACES



XII—P. G. WODEHOUSE

*Through myriad volumes matchless Wodehouse weaves  
The trials of Ukridge and the tact of Jeeves.*

**The Scales of Love.** Peter de Polnay.  
W. H. Allen, 12/6

The title and post-war Paris setting of Mr. de Polnay's new novel promise well for his admirers, since in the past this author has written about love and the French capital with more authority and originality than most of his contemporaries. Derek Ryde is an ex-Special-Service agent, attempting unwillingly to compromise with civilian conditions by marrying the devoted virginal daughter of his corrupt, diplomatic, big-business boss, and obsessed by memories of his former Resistance-heroine mistress: believed to be dead but in reality very much alive, as a return to the scene of Derek's wartime exploits soon proves. It is not always easy to sympathize with Derek's violent muddle-headed idealism or the folly of his conduct, while the story suffers from a surfeit of plot and coincidence—the first short chapter alone outlines enough intriguing possibilities for several books—but naturally, in such expert hands, the situations postulated therein are worked out in a manner both entertaining and unpredictable; and the characters—against a skilfully-drawn background of tasteless luxury and rehabilitated collaborationists—behave as individuals throughout. J. M-R.

**Conversations With a Witch.** James Wellard. Macmillan, 13/6

The search for a buried life is now one of the commonest themes in fiction. There have been too many probing conversations with the biographee's relatives, too many narrators drawn to a quest by a strange fascination, and far too many flashbacks. After all, events happen forwards. Arranging events in fiction in non-consecutive patterns is allowable



"Do you still serve readers?"

when the method is used to produce subtleties that cannot be produced in any other way, inevitable in detective stories and simply boring ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Mr. Wellard mucks about with the time-sequence to make a very good short story plot last out; but he merely weakens the effect of the straightforward narrative he does so well.

His tale of a professional painter who deserts and is sheltered by a woman amateur who does not realize she is a genius, is strong on action and character, though less credible on the art side. With the man's parents all verisimilitude goes. His father is a Law Lord who owns, and writes the leaders for, a Sunday paper with a readership of eighteen million.

R. G. G. P.

**The Shaping Spirit.** Studies in Modern English and American Poets. A. Alvarez. Chatto and Windus, 15/-

As poetry becomes more frivolous, remote and etiolated, criticism is becoming heavier. Mr. Alvarez is a stylish welterweight and almost unfashionably orthodox. He is prepared to describe poems with words like "good," "better," "best." At the same time he displays considerable subtlety in sorting out the reasons for, say, the aridity of T. S. Eliot's failures and the rewardingness of his almost indistinguishable successes. There is a slightly elegiac note about the book, as few of the poems discussed have been written in the last twenty-five years; the attempt to chart the differences between the English and American traditions does not, as usual, come to much, but some shrewd blows are dealt in the process of beating about the bush. For those who like only to read the critics who agree with them, Mr. Alvarez thinks a lot of Lawrence and little of Auden. P. D.

**The Enemy in the Blanket.** Anthony Burgess. Heinemann, 15/-

In this sequel to *Time for a Tiger* Victor Crabbe becomes a headmaster in northern Malaya. In a ramshackle, transitional period he is, like the other characters, defeated by the climate, the political situation, racial and religious insolubilities, sex, drink and his past. The seedy farce is funny, smoothly readable and unsentimentally compassionate. At a deeper level Mr. Burgess is concerned with the tremendous theme of nationalism and racialism and religious conflict in the succession states left by the withdrawal of British Imperialism.

The white men, though all in Government service or a profession, are derelicts; the best careers have gone to the men who stayed at home. They have a background of writing sub-contemporary poetry in newer universities, which gives them a dimension of cultural seediness. The lowest deadbeat becomes a Moslem in order to marry a rich widow who will provide an office for his law business and then, what is apparently a

yet further sinking, becomes a Junior Lecturer in Law at his Alma Mater. This is the Pimlico novel gaining enormously from a fresh locale. R. G. G. P.

**The Magic of Aleister Crowley.** John Symonds. Muller, 21/-

"It is to be noted that since the beginning of this operation the Bank Rate has fallen to 3 per cent and Consols improved from 71½ to 76½..." wrote Aleister Crowley in his magical diary (about 1912); so that here we have an additional aspect of the Stock Market which the Tribunal seemed to have missed. Mr. John Symonds, who has already written a life of the well-known magician, here returns to Crowley's psychology and methods, which he combines with a portrait of the mage in old age at a Hastings boarding house. Mr. Symonds is no doubt right in suggesting that Crowley's chief peculiarity was his power of projecting his own subconscious life. He was all subconscious, and no will. Those interested in that talented, ludicrous, and unquestionably sinister figure will enjoy this study, which has some excellent moments but inevitably becomes a bit bogged down in magical technicalities. A. P.

**Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch.** Henry Miller. Heinemann, 30/-

Big Sur is the name of the district in California where Mr. Miller has made his home, the oranges are those depicted in Bosch's *Millennium*, but Mr. Miller deals only perfunctorily with Bosch, and the Californian background is largely incidental. This book is, in fact, a loosely-linked series of autobiographical fragments, written in the turgid, exclamatory, Lawrence-and-soda-water style with which we have become familiar. Mr. Miller has been highly praised by a number of eminent persons (Mr. J. C. Powys has even compared him with Shakespeare), and one cannot deny that his prose has a certain compulsive vitality which, if one is able to ignore the innumerable clichés both of thought and expression, may well be mistaken—by those who are prepared to accept him at his own valuation—for genius. The more critical reader will reflect that a mere undisciplined gift for the gab is not enough, and may perhaps ask himself, for example, what exactly Mr. Miller means when he describes a friend as "Dostoevskian—in a large sense." Is it possible, one wonders, to be Dostoevskian in a limited sense?

The book has been slightly bowdlerized for the English market. J. B.

**A Bright Green Field.** Anna Kavan. Peter Owen, 15/-

Miss Kavan's first volume of stories to appear for some time contains two outstanding pieces worthy of comparison with her best in "Asylum Piece" and "I Am Lazarus." These are "Annunciation," a chilling essay in horror, and



"The End of Something," an extremely moving tale of a dying seal whose last moments run parallel to the fading relationship between the man and girl who watch the animal sinking lower and lower into oblivion. Some of the other stories appear to be influenced by a visit to the United States: New York is plainly the "High City" in the longest item, "New and Splendid," while "Ice Storm" actually takes place during a cold spell in Connecticut (the text is punctuated by newspaper headlines, sometimes referring to the characters themselves: "WHEN AL LEVINE RETURNED TO HIS CAR ON EAST 42ND STREET IT LOOKED LIKE A FROZEN DESSERT.") Here and there the author's style appears to have undergone a course of William Sansom, and many of the shorter pieces resemble dreams recorded in *The Journal of Analytical Psychology*; but in the collection taken as a whole the human element keeps breaking, mercifully, through the allegorical mesh. J. M-R.

## AT THE PLAY

*Romeo and Juliet* (STRATFORD)  
*Twelfth Night* (OLD VIC)  
*The Dock Brief*  
*What Shall We Tell Caroline?*  
 (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)  
*Not in the Book* (CRITERION)  
*Any Other Business* (WESTMINSTER)  
*A Resounding Tinkle*  
*The Hole*  
 (ROYAL COURT)

ONE of the most fascinating problems in Shakespeare is the domestic life of those delinquent parents, the Capulets, who always seem to be fully dressed in the middle of the night and whose contacts with their daughter are so curiously slender. At Stratford Glen Byam Shaw's production makes the most of their boisterous hospitality, but though it appears to have every chance of success it left me uncomfortably disappointed, mainly in the lovers. Dorothy Tutin's warm and unaffected innocence might have been the very thing for Juliet; in the event her light voice, with a tendency to squeak, lost so much of the verse that emotionally, at least for me, her performance meant very little. After his Orlando of last year Richard Johnson seemed a safe bet for Romeo; but handicapped by long greasy curls and make-up which strangely ravaged his



Juliet—DOROTHY TUTIN

Romeo—RICHARD JOHNSON

face, he was much less natural than usual in rather outsize acting that was almost school of Martin-Harvey. And Motley's set, though gracious and dignified, so pillars the stage that the cast might be threading its way through a hop-field. No doubt the lovers will improve. In the meantime there is a fine Nurse by Angela Baddeley, a fruity Capulet by Mark Dignam, an interesting Mercutio by Edward Woodward, and all the well-oiled manipulation to be expected from Mr. Byam Shaw.

Michael Benthall's *Twelfth Night* at the Old Vic introduces a new designer of real promise; Desmond Heeley's delicate garden set and seventeenth-century costumes set the key for a production that sustains its gaiety even if its values are uncertain. Gaiety and humour are not the same, and here farce is allowed to intrude on comedy: in Richard Wordsworth's Malvolio, lapsing into cockney and too inherently foolish ever to have had command, in Judi Dench's waveringly north-country Maria, who comes from the kitchen and not the boudoir, and even to some extent in Paul Daneman's Sir Toby, a ripe old party but funniest when he is least embroidered.

I think the balance is also upset by a teen-age Olivia. Jill Dixon has poise and personality, but weighs lightly against the majestic Orsino of John Humphry and Barbara Jefford's rather grave Viola, and moreover the position of Malvolio is weakened by a mistress with no seasoned authority. Admittedly we have suffered

from middle-aged Olivias, but surely Miss Dixon is too young. Miss Jefford's Viola, on the other hand, is very good (the Viola and the Sebastian match unusually well), and John Neville discovers new depths of gentlemanly futility with his pale, lank Aguecheek. In Derek Godfrey we have a notable Feste, jesting from a cracked heart and singing beautifully. Mixed bag as it is, this production makes no mistake in the vital—and so often bungled—business of winning all our sympathy for Malvolio in his last scene.

What a pleasure in these lean days to report a new comic dramatist who has a mind, a sense of theatre, and a feeling for the other side of the medal. John Mortimer is already known as a novelist, and one of his two one-act plays now at the Lyric has been done on radio and television. Between them they make a programme of such quality, both in writing and acting, that it must surely come to the West End. In *The Dock Brief* an elderly scarecrow of an unemployed barrister rushes bumbling to the aid of a nice little murderer disinterested in his fate but eager to help in the making of a great, if delayed, career; with the murderer playing both judge and witnesses a forensic triumph is rehearsed which is doomed to a different end. For Michael Hordern's brilliant study of the barrister it would be worth walking to Hammersmith, and Maurice Denham plays up to him delightfully. These two, with Brenda Bruce and Marianne Benet, investigate

## REP SELECTION

Oxford Playhouse, *An Enemy of the People*, to April 19th.  
 Playhouse, Sheffield, *Someone Waiting*, Emlyn Williams, to April 26th.  
 Guildford, *The Affair at Assino*, N. C. Hunter, to April 19th.  
 Theatre Royal, Lincoln, *I Am A Camera*, to April 19th.

hilariously in *What Shall We Tell Caroline?*, a fantastic domestic triangle in the headmaster's quarters of a preposterous prep school. It is enough that both plays are wildly funny, but in addition they pull unexpectedly at deeper strings.

*Ten Minute Alibi* comes to mind with *Not In The Book*, a comedy thriller of considerable ingenuity, by Arthur Watkyn. A senior civil servant, devoted to his family and endearingly played by Wilfrid Hyde White, is blackmailed for an early indiscretion at the moment when a young novelist lends him a script describing in detail the sure-fire killing of a similar nuisance. Everything fits, except the training and temperament of the hopelessly amateur murderer, who is quickly driven off course. Although stiff with coincidence, the result is entertaining and exciting, and the third act, liable in such cases to be the weakest, runs in gamely. Mr. Hyde White, to whose formidable armoury we can now add mime, draws the fattest dividends of under-statement. Avicé Landon strengthens the domestic background, and Sydney Tafler as the blackmailer and Charles Heslop as a bumbling colonel are both amusing; but the performance I would put after that of Mr. Hyde White is Philip Guard's as the innocent novelist, confounded to the point of paralysis by the mis-use of his book. All the odds and ends of comedy are netted surely by Nigel Patrick's production.

It is something new in the intervals of a first night to hear dowagers avidly grilling their escorts on the murkier aspects of company law. In *Any Other Business* George Ross and Campbell Singer have pulled off the remarkable feat of making a tense play out of a crisis in the affairs of a prosperous worsted mill threatened with a take-over bid by unscrupulous rivals armed with confidential information leaking from the boardroom. One of the mill's directors is a traitor, and as they sit planning the fight for the life of their company we can try to pick our man from a rich assortment of types. Playgoers whose natural instinct is to shy from balance-sheets need have no fear; the technical details are painlessly assimilated, and things as seemingly undramatic as share-prices and capital reserves assume exciting importance in a prolonged battle of wits. The suspense in this original whodunit is skilfully sustained to the very end, and the casting is excellent, Raymond Huntley and Ralph Michael leading a team which might have been dedicated to yarn and profit-margins all its life.

How I wish the English Stage Company could outgrow its addiction to blasphemy. By blasphemy I don't of course mean the sort of dialectic shock-therapy by which, for instance, Shaw

made Christians think, but the childish parodying of prayer and liturgy, done apparently for the hell of it, which most little boys are content to leave behind at their prep schools. This reservation wearily applied to both the one-act plays of N. F. Simpson, he can be praised for a wild strain of humour. He has read, one would guess, Ionesco and Beckett, but he sails under his own colours. *A Resounding Tinkle*, which madly pursues irrelevance in a husband/wife discussion about an elephant, is much more successful than *The Hole*, in which curious passers-by discover all kinds of wonders deep in the mess left, red-flagged, by the Corporation's electricians. *The Hole* has moments, but is dug almost to death. Nigel Davenport, Wendy Craig, Sheila Ballantine, Avril Elgar and Toke Townley are at home in those highbrow jinks.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*The Iceman Cometh* (Winter Garden—5/2/58), O'Neill's marathon. *Dinner With the Family* (New—9/10/57), oil-and-vinegar Anouilh. *The Rape of the Belt* (Piccadilly—18/12/57), a heartening tilt at romantic heroism.

ERIC KEOWN

#### AT THE PICTURES

*Calabuch—Cabiria*

THOUGH you may begin watching *Calabuch* (Director: Luis G. Berlanga) in a captious frame of mind, noticing faults, you are unlikely to resist

its spell for long. An attempt to list its more obvious qualities is not promising: simple fun, light-hearted nonsense, kindly fantasy, playful digs at the follies of modern life, charm—one's apprehension grows with every item; it sounds like the sort of thing that has, before now, been quite insufferable. Moreover the film has technical shortcomings, and there is quite a bit of very obvious dubbing. What makes it so attractive?

Character above all; character, lively invention, extreme speed of narration by the use of what sometimes seems at the moment to be positively slapdash cutting, and that indefinable mood that suggests that everybody concerned is enjoying himself. The thing is a romp, and to look in it for biting satire would be as simple-hearted as its assumption that a brilliant atomic scientist must necessarily be such an expert at the other kind of rocket as to be able to contrive, with little trouble, wonderful fireworks that write letters in the sky.

He is of course a professor, and he arrives by some means—it is one of the film's endearing qualities that it wastes no time in explaining exactly how its situations are established—in the little Spanish fishing village of Calabuch. The local police-chief at once puts him in jail, but there are no hard feelings, for he shares a cell with the local smuggler, and they both go out whenever they feel like it and only use the place as an hotel. The professor relaxes among friendly people who are quite unaware that he is being searched for all over the world.

The comedy of character emerges delightfully as he joins in the life of the



[*Calabuch*]

Jorge—EDMUND GWENN

village—giving valuable advice to the lighthouse-keeper who is playing chess by telephone with the priest, designing those fireworks for the fiesta, helping the cinema projectionist (who is also the smuggler, and a fine performer on the trumpet—which he practises in his cell), hearing the confidences of the beautiful schoolmistress, playing dominoes and billiards with the others in the café . . . There is a splendidly absurd climax, when a battle fleet arrives to take him away, and the villagers mobilize (plan of campaign chalked on the billiards-table) to defend his right to stay with them.

Edmund Gwenn—a pity it isn't his own voice, but the film is pleasing enough to make this seem quite unimportant—has a fine time as the professor, and the village, its incidents and its personalities are bright with comic life. I think hardly anybody could fail to enjoy this.

*Cabiria* (Director: Federico Fellini) is a good film of a very different kind. It is the story, in places grotesquely comic, finally moving, of one of the cheap prostitutes to be found "on the Ostia Road, by the petrol pumps": it sums up, in several almost self-contained episodes, the pathetic life of Cabiria, her frustrated hopes of changing it, her simple, clownish, resilient character, her pitiful misfortunes. Her protector tries to drown her for her money; she has a ludicrous evening with a famous film star; she goes on a pilgrimage to a shrine; a stage hypnotist cruelly exposes her to ridicule; at last she is deceived and robbed by another man. The strength of the whole thing is in the portrayal of Cabiria by Gioletta Masina, who can be brilliantly funny and touching in the same moment, and in the placing and direction of the episodes so that by progressive changes of mood and atmosphere they tell a developing, completed story. Every one is crammed with sharp observation and entertaining character. Don't be put off by the thought that this is "another of those stories about prostitutes"; this one treats the subject with an unusual, very welcome humanity and irony.

**Survey**  
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

At the Curzon with *Calabuch* is a fascinating Hungarian documentary about wild life along the Danube, *From Blossom Time to Autumn Frost*: miraculous animal pictures, and an English commentary which though flat and sometimes oddly pronounced is infinitely preferable to the facetious anthropomorphism of similar films by Disney. There is also a new Disney, for the holiday trade: *Old Yeller*, about a dog and a pioneer family—remarkably unsentimental and down-to-earth, *The Quiet American* (9/4/58), though it falsifies Graham Greene's novel, is a good film. The fine *The Seventh Seal*

(19/3/58), and *Around the World in Eighty Days* (17/7/57), continue, and you may still be able to find the simple, lively *Rooney* ("Survey," 9/4/58).

Most notable release: *Orders to Kill* (9/4/58), a really intelligent spy story.

RICHARD MALLETT

## ON THE AIR

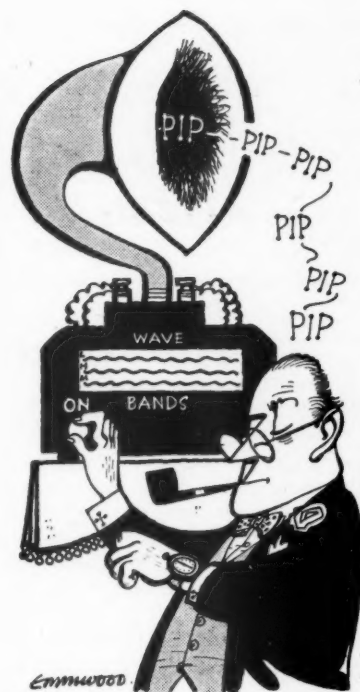
### To the Pure, All Things . . .

JUDGING by Radio Luxembourg, commercial radio is a thing we are lucky to have been spared, despite the occasional ingenious advertisement. But perhaps a rash of little low-powered stations, all sordidly given over to gain, might have had one or two advantages. For instance there must be a few pockets of intellectualism still going strong somewhere, and these could provide enough listeners to support their own really high-brow stations, which, between twelve-tone concerts, could keep endlessly experimenting with the medium, trying to squeeze out of it another tiny technique peculiar to radio.

This, after all, is one of the important functions of the small film-makers, and this is what a lot of devoted artists at Portland Place must really be longing to do. Given the run of the Chelsea Broadcasting Association they could devote whole evenings to symphonies of sound-effects, to poems specially written for the radio by David Gascoigne, to readings of difficult works with a superimposed commentary a couple of octaves higher, and to *collage* programmes, consisting of snippets of tape recordings from countless sources strung together to form a five-hour indictment of the cultural degeneracy of the rest of mankind.

Unfortunately the B.B.C. takes a properly nannyish view of this type of activity; occasionally the boys are given a treat on the Third, and rarefied listening it makes for. But for the most part they have to be content with sneaking their effects into run-of-the-mill programmes. Lucky the producer who is given the chance of ending one scene with a woman beating an egg and starting the next with a man on a motor-bike, so that he can allow the egg-whisk noise to change, mingle and become the sputter of a two-stroke. He may have to live for a fortnight on a success like that.

Naturally enough this leads to frustration, and the critics, trying to voice the longings of the artists, tend to speak rather too freely about "pure radio." The trouble with this term is that it suggests that most of what comes over the air is adulterated radio, owing much of its nature to journalism, films, music-hall, Parliament or what-not. I do not think that this is true. Radio is *sui generis* in a way TV, which has much more in common with film and stage than radio has with anything, is not. Radio, relying on hearing alone, has to transmute material to its own terms and usually



Pure Radio

then develops it in a way that makes it almost completely foreign to its apparent origin. Pure radio, in fact.

ITMA, for instance (the Goons are a more extreme example but too much of a sport to serve my purpose), was, I suppose, a grandchild of the music-hall by way of the silent film, but it had mutated almost out of recognition. To translate it into terms of TV would be a step back. This point was brought out by the two programmes called "Loneliness." The radio version, which was done about six weeks ago, was extremely effective and moving. It consisted solely of recordings of single voices speaking, without questions or commentary. The wireless made the speakers seem remote, out of reach and lonely beyond comfort. I did not see what I take to be the TV version of the same programme, but I am not surprised to read that it was not such a success; "nobody seemed as lonely as they should have done."

Not that all pure radio is necessarily good. "Saturday Night on the Light" is the ultimate triumph in the art of squeezing pap out of the box in the corner; I'd be happier with a couple of hours of sound-effects. Nor that good listening need be "pure"; I suppose the two things I am most grateful to the wireless for are a performance of *The Duchess of Malfi* about eight years ago and snatched minutes in a pub outside Euston listening to the closing over of Test matches before my train went.

PETER DICKINSON



FOR  
WOMEN

## The Wedding Expert

"THEY come to me distraught," said Mrs. Davies, simply. She was speaking of mothers and daughters who, having floundered about in the uncharted seas of wedding preparations, have been washed up exhausted into the chintz chairs of her 2nd Floor office in Knightsbridge: *Wedding Arrangements, Ltd.* There they find everything charted: caterers, wine merchants, houses and hotels suitable for receptions, florists, printers of wedding invitations, photographers, car hire firms. Mrs Davies jots down their ideas of what they want, and tots up the cost of a marriage according to their mode—adding in all the little extras such as tips which are usually left out of amateur reckonings. Then they discuss how the shattering total can be reduced.

"Surely smaller cars would do for the aunts?" is the sort of question given considered attention. Are they aunts by marriage, or real blood aunts? Are they plump and are they touchy? Perhaps an alternative saving could be made by having simpler, but equally charming, flowers. Less costly invitation cards?—yet to have them addressed in exquisite copperplate hand-writing costs surprisingly little. Mrs. Davies takes over the responsibility of parking arrangements, informing the police, and seeing that the bride's new passport is sent to the Vicar who must not hand it over until he has performed the ceremony.

Parents living abroad need not, if they use this service, come to England until a week or so before the wedding. Mrs. Davies keeps them posted of how the costs are running, and arranges a combined meeting in her office, when the parents arrive, of all the participa-

ting firms. She finds long-distance parents very amenable to remote control although fathers are subject to crises of nerves. One father telephoned from Geneva to demand weather records over the past twenty-five years for the village in which his daughter was to be married, in the month she had chosen. Such records being unobtainable, he switched the wedding to London; only to unswitch it the next day, and then a week or so later reswitch to London—all at long-distance from Geneva. In calm and confident contrast were the parents who let Mrs. Davies arrange every detail of a big country wedding without ever meeting her personally until the day itself, when Mrs. Davies went down to see that everything was well in hand, as is her custom.

On the whole, brides and their mothers have very definite dreams of what they want, and it is Mrs. Davies's task to make them come true. When the definite ideas of the daughter differ from the definite ideas of the mother, and when both are irreconcilable with the definite ideas of the father about cost, then Mrs. Davies's role is that of peacemaker, finding the compromise which feels like victory to all three.

When a young bride, or a foreign one, has no parents to help her, Mrs. Davies often plays the part of mother on shopping expeditions for the wedding-dress, trousseau, and household linen.

Brides who have the leisure, temperament, and organising ability to enjoy making their own arrangements (or who have mothers endowed with all those blessings) can yet usefully avail themselves of the Recommendation Service, which is free. At the



Knightsbridge office they can compare the prices of different firms and services, and go away with a list of recommendations but with no obligation to use it. Indeed, it was with this service that Mrs. Davies started: the Arrangement Service, for which a fee is charged, grew of itself as people realised that to have an expert do the whole job would not only save personal wear and tear but also money. This is an age of specialisation: the modern girl sticks to her own job till the last moment, placing the arrangements for the happiest day of her life in the hands of an expert.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

☆

## Cuisine Anglaise

SOME of us toy with l'aile de Poulet Souvaroff and approve one in fourteen of our oysters Mornay; some of us can't decide if the porridge is burnt. All of us, sooner or later, for one reason or another, have recourse to *The Good Food Guide*.

After all, it is good to know which hotel in Exmouth offers dishes "learned off African cooks on the Gold Coast." It is good to know the best place in Bath for Tyrolean cooking (order zwiebel rostbraten or Holstein schnitzel); it is pleasant to discover Muscovy duck, with cherries and wine sauce, among the amenities of Weston Birt. You can land your sole Joinville (did you know?) complete with prawns and mushrooms at Newport Pagnell; you can drink celestial Florentine soup at Cookham; while as for the Indian curries at Tunbridge Wells, they are approved by officers of the Indian Army (ret'd.).

Oh for the Malayan wild Susu curry, the giant Adriatic scampi, and the Mexican Arroz near Bognor Regis! Oh for the exquisite poulet basquaise at Eastbourne, the Chinese prawns that lend savour to Haywards Heath! Oh

(I might add) for the boiled Prague ham and Moravian goulash of Bournemouth, the sole Dieppoise at Lyndhurst, the Viennese coffee near Looe, and the escalope Liégoise they always give us at Bristol!

Give me a glass of Forster Jesuitengarten Auslese (only, of course, an honest '53). Let us drink to *The Good Food Guide* and *la cuisine anglaise*.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

### Petite Protest

I AM five foot one and practically eight stone, and years of indoctrination by a much bigger husband have failed to convince me, deep down, that this is such a humorous size to be. But once I met a Great Dane. His beauty and charm were, like his size, considerable, and later when our acquaintance had ripened he would stand to be leant against for hours. Much, much later, though. Because I first met his creamy damp nose at chin level round a board-room door. It's the shock, you see.

On the other hand there was Pedro. They said how much did we weigh, and when we got there it turned out he was really a child's pony, and eight stone was his favourite weight. No nursery rocker ever went more smoothly, and the only thing that upset him was a bigger horse in front. So you see there are compensations, particularly once you have got rid of the naïve idea that all this specially for small women stuff, in the glossies, is to help you look your best. Nonsense. The fashion girls are all long streaks of tapwater burning with resentment because we're in such demand for those dances, you know the kind, your partner sort of twirls you round his head, and the extra elegant inches are at a heavy discount. Hence all these injunctions to keep your hair short and neat —with an illustration from *la Passion de Jeanne d'Arc*; hence these smart suggestions about having everything to scale, so that your small neat purse won't take your tiny feminine handkerchief, never mind your quite ordinary-sized glasses and the pre-war key to the office safe.

And if we're talking about conspiracies, every Pocket Venus knows about a morale-destroying Fifth Column that makes Khrushchev's boys look like amateur dog-teasers. I mean of course

the shop assistants. Not for them the kindly phrase, the soothing euphemism. Oh no. "Has Madam tried in teenage?"

Let's face it, that "every day and in every way I get bigger and bigger" routine isn't going to help. The evidence of your skirt hem, right there where it always was, is incontrovertible, and even if your family is a bit freakish, nobody believes you're going to start shooting up after thirty. Be like me. Refuse to recognize the limitations. I insist that a bed less than five feet across is properly a chaise-longue. We haven't one suitcase I can lift unaided. There is room in our horseless carriage for two rugs, overboots, a hot-water bottle, a vacuum flask, pastilles, two jerrycans, six passengers, and the starting-handle. And my standard of revolt, my symbol of liberation, my *pièce de résistance*. My handbag. Undersized I may be; I still have to carry two pairs of glasses, two purses (because of the housekeeping), two cheque-books (because of the overdraft), two pens, two hankies, one slide-rule, the crossword page and a bunch of keys, and the other little bits and pieces the White Knight had a horse for. And my new handbag will take the lot!

RUTH LESSER

### On Being Tidy-Minded

I WOULD I were the kind of Mum  
So madly bright, so sweet,  
Who chuckles daily, "Kiddies, come,  
This house is much too Neat!

Take all the Books and papers, All,  
And spread them, both of you!  
Shake talcum powder round the hall  
And paint the bath with Glue!

Dogfood and Scrabble letters bring,  
With moss, to heap the stair!  
But have no Place for anything  
And never Keep it there!"

Yes, were my every sinew bent  
To make a ghastly mess,  
Our house would look no different  
But I should mind it less.

ANGELA MILNE

"Even if you don't expect to swim, add a swim suit and short beach coat. You may run into a millionaire with a swimming pool at home. And take comfortable walking shoes just in case you have to finish up by walking."—*Daily Telegraph*.

That's right, spoil it.



"Are you trying to put our friendship into inverted commas, Mr. Jackson?"

## In the City



### Three Cheers for Britain

JOHN BULL is a poor braggart. Now and again he is stung to self-assertion and aggrandisement, but this is usually after a bout of self-denigration which seems to come much more naturally to him. This must be the explanation of an unusually buoyant and uninhibited issue of the Treasury's Bulletin for Industry, which has recently been raising both cheers and eyebrows in the City of London.

This sober monthly document, prepared by the Information Division of the Treasury, usually adds to the formidable volume of evidence that, in matters of self-analysis and criticism, Britain is the sternest masochist of them all. Previous issues of this Bulletin had been devoted to such topics as the fact that Britain has been paying itself too much for doing too little; that it has been losing its share of world trade, and so forth and so on. All of which may have been very true; but it may also have helped to convince the foreign readers, who study this Bulletin far more intently than do the industrialists for whom it is prepared, that all the dire things they had heard about Britain must be true, since here it was written in black-and-white, under the insignia of the lion and the unicorn, *Dieu et mon droit*, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, in fact the full official works.

One can imagine a very-high-up at the Treasury receiving echoes of this reaction, and perhaps on the same day seeing the latest posters for the "Come to Britain" campaign showing us as a nation of venerable yokels living in thatched cottages and encrusted in traditions that might add to our touristic attractions but not to our pretensions to being a great industrial power. Whatever the explanation, a rocket seems to have exploded beneath the backroom boys who prepare this Bulletin. In the last issue and under the appropriate title "Some Myths Exploded," they burst into a Hallelujah Chorus. Some of the verses run:

Production in Britain has increased by a third in the last ten years and exports are double their pre-war level—

and this is in real terms; no cheating with inflated value figures.

A tremendous revolution has taken place in this period in the make-up of British industry. The share of mechanical engineering has increased by 50 per cent; there has been a five-fold increase in the size of the electronics industry, which is now the second-largest in the world.

The chemical industry's share of the total output has increased by a third and to-day the petro-chemical industry in the U.K. is second only to that of the United States. The output of plastics is about as large as that of sheet steel and tin plate put together.

Our share in world trade in electrical machinery has risen from one-tenth to one-quarter, that in passenger cars from one-sixth to over one-quarter and in tractors from a twentieth to over a quarter.

We are now investing between 16 and 17 per cent of the total national income compared with 13 per cent in 1938—a figure comparable to that of the United States.

## In the Country



### Snail Ho!

THE snail hunting season opens of course in April, although we have been out, in an early year, by the end of March. The snail—or at any rate the Roman snail (which we hunt for the pot)—is not protected by law but protects itself for three-quarters of the year by disappearing altogether from sight. Thus it is all the more important that we should know where to find it when it is, so to speak, up.

The Pilgrim's Way—which runs here high on the North Downs—marches, a mile or so east of Charing, with the edge of a forest of great beech trees. Below the beeches lies a belvedere, and here on a sunny spring morning, when the grass is lishy and fresh, you will find Roman snails.

Their shells are pure white and an inch and a half in diameter, and the owners measure, when flat out, about four inches from eye-stalk to tail. They were brought from Italy—or so the story goes—by Roman legionaries who had been told, rightly, that living off

Our currency, sterling, finances about one half of the world's trade. Our new overseas investments per head of population are greater than that of any other country. In honouring our external responsibilities we spend a larger proportion of our national income on defence than any of our allies, other than the United States.

These are not inflated boasts; they are the sober truth one would expect from so sober a source and we should be forgiven the unusual indulgence of rolling them round our tongue.

What kind of investment do these claims suggest? For mechanical engineering read Rolls Royce, Vickers, A.E.I., English Electric and G.E.C. For electronics, Decca and Elliot Automation. For chemicals, I.C.I. For petro-chemicals, Shell Transport. For plastics (and many other things), De La Rue. For overseas banking, Barclays D.C. and O. Most of these shares are now available at bargain counter prices after the mark down of the past year.

LOMBARD LANE

\* \* \*

the country in Britain would be pretty dull, if not unhealthy, and they—the snails—have been here ever since. This may even be true, for the Pilgrims' Way is here part of the much older pack road from Cornwall to Kent and was certainly ripe for development when the Romans arrived. Pilgrims on their way to Canterbury—and no doubt on their way back again—hunted Roman snails, and this may be why we starve them for forty days "to purify them" before cooking in butter with garlic.

For the actual hunt we find it best to use children. They are nearer to the ground and their eyes can mark, under the long grass, the flash of white which is often all that can be seen of a snail which has gone to earth. But children are not, on the whole, very fond of eating snails and to keep the pack keen and alert we offer a *per capita* payment according to the bag. Twopence per snail is the usual rate, but it should be adjusted to the day. When sport is poor, twopence halfpenny or even threepence may be offered to maintain interest, while on a good day there is a danger that a twopenny rate may produce a bag which is expensive to pay for and impossible to eat.

Rumours have reached us that other Hunts are finding it difficult simultaneously to write letters to the papers and hunt. They may care to join us. Nobody writes about snails.

PHILIP HOLLAND



Continuing

## I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK

By ALAN HACKNEY

*Stanley Windrush, who wants to enter industrial management, has had an interview at a detergent factory. When in London he lives with his great-aunts in Eaton Square.*

WHEN the post arrived Stanley opened the letter from Spindley's first. It came from their head office and said:

*On the results of recent interviews of candidates for our Management Training Scheme it has been decided to appoint Mr. R. E. G. Carp and Mr. B. T. H. Philpott to posts under the scheme.*

*We regret that your name does not appear among those of the successful candidates, but we should like to take this opportunity of thanking you for giving us the chance of meeting you, and we would wish you more success elsewhere.*

Stanley's alternative choice was Bumper Bars.

Bumper Bars were sited in one of the clumps of modern factories that line London's western arteries. It is possible to reach the place from Piccadilly Circus in one move if you sit long enough in an Underground train, and this Stanley did. The train finally came out into the sunlight and scurried from one cluster of new suburban houses to the next. (The Bumper environment—spoilt countryside—was as hideous in its own way as smoky Boltley had been. One of the factories was shaped like a tube of toothpaste.)

Stanley was tiring of the clean box houses and the neat hoardings by the time he reached his factory, a low wide building, with low hedges, over-kept grass, and the single word "Bumper" in chromium over the frosted glass entrance doors.

Once inside he was faced, surprisingly, by a huge bank of flowers in a spidery white-wire stand. Beyond, in what looked like a vast but carpeted aircraft hangar, row upon row of folk sat quietly busy at desks. The daylight lighting, which ruined the natural colours of the flowers, glared evenly down on all. Stanley looked in vain for



any signs of the Bumper Bars themselves but there was not a trace of them in sight.

Stanley told the receptionist his business and was led through the hangar to the office of Mr. Hooper.

Mr. Hooper wore an American tie and an expression of wistfulness.

"Good morning, Mr. Windrush. Take a seat."

There was a slight pause.

"I see Bumper Bars are bigger than ever before," Stanley said tentatively. "At least, it said so in an advertisement I saw."



"Yes, that's quite true," said Mr. Hooper. "Actually, that's because of the design of the new machinery. Num-nums and Chokers are still in batch production, but the Bumper Bars themselves are in continuous flow production. In fact they're made from start to finish in the one machine. It's a hundred and eighty yards long. The ingredients go in at various points and get stamped out and the bars come out wrapped and boxed straight to the vans. But you should see the American factory." His eyes filmed over. "They have fourteen machines like that." He sat back, spent.

"Tell me, Mr. Windrush," he asked, "why are you so keen to get into all this? Do you know what you're in for?"

"Well, I did try some Bumper Bars," said Stanley, "and that hasn't put me off. I can offer you a trained and open mind, the willingness to learn, and genuine enthusiasm for the job."

Mr. Hooper's face remained unimpressed.

"Yes, yes. But I want to know *why* you want to tuck yourself away in a factory. Has it ever struck you how odd it is?"

"Oh," said Stanley, "look here, you're putting me off. Of course I don't really *want* to be cooped up here with Bumper Bars all my life. Do you think I could see this machine a hundred and eighty yards long? I saw all round Spindley's the other day."

"It does seem to me," said Mr. Hooper, "that you aren't really answering my question 'Why do you want to come here?' Let me show you how the management is arranged." He

fished in a drawer and presented Stanley with a sort of family tree. "You'll note the horizontal structure below the top," he said. "That means in practice a large degree of autonomy for each of our products; they even compete with each other, in much the same way as the different divisions in General Motors."

Stanley puzzled for a little while over the diagram while Mr. Hooper toyed with the pens on his desk and looked a little distastefully around his office, as if seeing it properly for the first time.

"It certainly does look *very* horizontal," admitted Stanley. "So much so it leads me to ask what are the chances of getting to the top."

"That's a fair question," said Mr. Hooper. "The answer is, it depends partly on the firm and partly on you; but anyway you've a fair way to go before you would appear on that diagram at all. It would mean some years, even after your training. And I might add that advancement means even harder work."

"Do the men make a lot of money?" Stanley asked.

"Fourteen to sixteen pounds a week and subsidized canteen dinners," said Mr. Hooper. "We're pretty efficient, you see."

"I do see," said Stanley. "It's most interesting."

"I'll show you part of the process," said Mr. Hooper reluctantly, "before you go." He put on a white coat that was hanging up in the corner and led Stanley out and along to a door.

"Through here we come out half-way along the Bumper machine I was telling you about," said Mr. Hooper. "Here we are. They're just going to be enrobed."

In front of them a continuous stream of little yellowish cylinders ran past on a perforated strip conveyor into a curtain of chocolate at the entrance of a low tunnel. On each side stretched

the length of the interminable Bumper machine. It hummed and clicked in front of them, hissed steamily to the left where an early part of the process was going on, and gave out a continuous flum-flum noise from the packing end on the right.

"This is a standard enrober. Three stage," said Mr. Hooper. He picked off one of the naked cylinders with a swooping movement as it ran past, took a bite mechanically and showed it to Stanley.

"Oh yes, I had some the other day," said Stanley.

"We're on the summer formula now, of course," said Mr. Hooper, swallowing, and dropping the rest of the bar into the reject basket by the conveyor.



"The winter formula comes in in October."

"What do you put in?" asked Stanley curiously. He imitated Mr. Hooper's swooping movement to pick up one of the passing bars. It resisted his attempt and he was not able to pick it off the conveyor before his hand and cuff had gone into the enrober.

"Bad luck," said Mr. Hooper. "It's a question of knack. They're pressed on to little prongs farther back there so's they don't roll about. I'll show you where to wash before you go."

Stanley, left with the undercoated

bar in his hand, felt it only polite to bite it before throwing it in the basket. It was a well remembered taste.

"Quite up to standard," he said with an effort.

In the Eaton Square house Great-Aunt Dolly was entertaining a visitor when Stanley returned. It was her son, Bertram Tracepurcel.

"Bertie's here, Stanley," said Great-Aunt Dolly. "He'd come round oftener, you know, but for Mildred."

"Well, Stanley," said Uncle Bertram, "some years since we met."

"Well, what a surprise. I thought you were still in Bolivia. Are you just back?"

"Been back years," said Uncle Bertram. "And what are you doing these days, Stanley?"

"Stanley's trying to get into industry," said Dolly. "They witch-hunted him from the Foreign Office, so he's trying to get into industrial management."

"It's pretty difficult to get in," Stanley said. "To-day I went to Bumper Bars, but it all seemed very horizontal and a bit difficult to get to the top. And really, it didn't sound frightfully rewarding when one got there."

"But you're absolutely right, Stanley," said Uncle Bertram. "There's no future

at all in that. In my case, I've got a bit of money and I've got on a few Boards of Directors. But if you haven't any money, take my tip and become a proper worker. How much were Bumper Bars going to pay you?"

"Well, I said I was unmarried, mobile and ambitious, and they said five hundred."

"Well, I ask you. Why bother, my dear fellow? If you were unskilled your union would see you never got as little as that, I can assure you. And any firm would be glad of you. Why not?"

"Well, they told me at Bumper Bars

that their chaps get sixteen pounds a week."

"Of course, my dear fellow. Why scratch about racking your brains trying to make the workers' lot more smooth? Why not be one of the chaps that reaps the benefit? You could still go on living here and be richer than most of your friends for years."

"That certainly sounds sensible," said Dolly. "Have you any firms you could recommend?"

"The essential thing," explained Bertram, "is to get into a go-ahead firm where the management are all giving themselves ulcers trying to make the place more efficient and telling the men it means a bigger wage-packet. You'll be the one that gets it. And consider this, Stanley: you'll be important. Both the big political parties will depend on your vote and consider it their moral duty to protect you. You've got a rosy future, my boy."

"Would any of your firms fill the bill?" asked Stanley.

"Yes, I should think Missiles Limited would be a good bet for you, if you want a good firm near here; but you must do it off your own bat. Don't mention my name to anyone, just turn up."

"Well, thank you very much, I really must think about it."

After Uncle Bertram had left, Stanley thought over his advice. The more he thought of it the more logical it seemed, and after receiving a rejection letter from Bumper's he went again to see the man at the Appointments Board.

"I'm sorry you don't appear to have had an awful lot of success so far," said the Appointments Man, "but we may have to face it, Mr. Windrush: it may just possibly perhaps be that you may not be perhaps *quite* the management type. It does happen like that with some people, you know."

Sensibly following the convenient principle of going where there was a crying need, Stanley looked round for an efficient-sounding industry within reasonable travelling distance of Eaton Square. He had seen the place called MISSILES LTD. several times from the train, only a few minutes out of Victoria, and about eleven o'clock one morning, having decided to give them a trial, he called at his local Labour Exchange. This he found in rather a dull street five

minutes away from his aunts' house. He spent some time in persuading the man that he required neither a passport nor a professional appointment.

"I've been having shots at management," he told him, "but I've taken advice and I've been told I'd be far better off as an ordinary worker."

"I don't quite understand you,"



Uncle Bertram

said the man. "For instance, you say ordinary worker. What do you mean by that? The Ministry publishes a complete book of classified occupations, hundreds of pages. There are thousands of different sorts of what you call ordinary workers."

"Yes, well, when I say ordinary worker," explained Stanley, "I mean I'd like to try an ordinary unskilled job at Missiles Limited. A friend of my great-aunt tells me that's just the sort of firm, you know—all teed up to give the chaps working there a big encouraging wage packet. It'd take too long to explain why I want to go there particularly, but I do. I imagine this simplifies things for you?"

"We don't want things *simplified* like that, thank you," said the man, a little huffily. "Our job is to help people find the employment most suitable for them and their employers, and often enough it's not an easy job. What are your

qualifications, and what was your last job?"

"I was at the Foreign Office," said Stanley. "I suppose my real qualification was I knew some Japanese."

"Ah," said the man, seizing on this, "now, vacancies in *interpreting*. Let me see." He began pulling at a card index in a metal cabinet beside his desk. "We're on the right track now," he said, smiling for the first time, with something to get his teeth into.

"I'm so sorry to have to say this," said Stanley, fairly firmly, "but I'm afraid you aren't. I don't at all feel like interpreting. I just want an unskilled job at Missiles Limited. If they've got any vacancies, that is."

The man stopped rummaging in his index, and shut the cabinet. He took a deep breath and surveyed Stanley in a pent-up sort of silence.

"You don't want to avail yourself of our facilities, then?" he asked.

"But don't you see, I *do*," explained Stanley. "I've seen it in the newspapers. All jobs like this between eighteen and sixty-five have to go through the Ministry of Labour. So can you tell me if there are any jobs going at Missiles?"

The man opened another cabinet and looked reluctantly through it.

Finally he said "Yes, there are," very reluctantly, but then he shut the cabinet again to make another attempt.

"Now why don't you think it over properly for a bit," he suggested, switching to another line of argument. "Go on National Assistance for a while, if you can't make out. They're only too willing to help. Then you can decide what you really do want to do," he added in a tone of strained kindness, for all the world like any father but Stanley's.

"But I do know what I do want to do," said Stanley. "I want to be an unskilled industrial worker. At Missiles Limited," he added.

The man passed a handkerchief over his brow.

"I'm here to help you," he said dully, "but if you won't let me, you won't. All right," he went on, defeated, "let me start at the beginning. Your name again?"

"I'm very grateful," said Stanley later. "Thank you for your help."

"Card?" said the man. He took it. One of Dolly's dogs had savaged one corner of it slightly. "Take proper care



of this card." He still seemed very frustrated.

"I certainly shall," said Stanley, "and I shall do nothing with it until told what to do with it."

"I'll tell you what to do with it right now," said the man, a glint of satisfaction in his eye. "Take it to the counter there, or any Post Office, and buy the last three weeks' stamps, or you'll get had up."

"Vacancies?" said the man in the time-clock office at the main gate. "Yer, course there are. You seen the notice up. Wotshertrade? Electrical fitter? Coppersmith?"

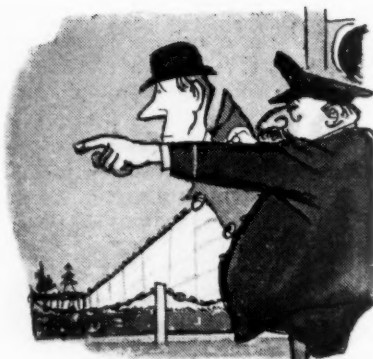
"Oh no," said Stanley, "nothing skilled."

The man took him by the shoulder and laid a long pointing arm within an inch of his head. He squinted along it for the space of a breath and then said: "Up that main avenue, go straight the way through and you come to a road junction."

"Yes, I see, a ro——"

"You go *left*," interrupted the man, "and on your left's the inquiries. Mr. Aywood."

Stanley went in and knocked at a hatch. There was no immediate response and he sat down on a bench. He had hardly done so when the hatch opened and Mr. Haywood looked out.



"I came to see about a job," said Stanley, coming to the hatch.

"For managing staff you want the main block," said Mr. Haywood. "Follow this road down——"

"But I don't want a job in management," said Stanley, "I just want a vacancy."

"What sort of vacancy?"

"Oh, just the sort of vacancy I could fill. I'm not a fitter or a coppersmith or anything. I'd thought of starting as unskilled and working my way up to semi-skilled. You see, a relative of mine advised me to do this."

"Well, never mind about that," said Mr. Haywood, "you want an unskilled vacancy, is that it? You fill in this application while I look up. Want any help, ask."

The form was very simple, requiring for the most part answers of "No" to questions like "Have you any convictions by a Civil or Criminal Court?"

"You got a driving licence?" asked Mr. Haywood.

"I had one in the Army once."

"Well, there's a job in Stores and Packing. Hundred and eighty nine shillings basic. You a union member? You got to be. Get your card from GEEUPWOA at the branch in Clyde Street."

"What's that?"

"General Engineering and Electrical United Projectile Workers and Operatives Alliance. When you've said it once you'll call it GEEUPWOA or the General. Start to-morrow? Well, you'll want your insurance card in here during the week. Your shop steward's Mr. Kite."

"Well, thank you very much," said Stanley. "I'll see you to-morrow."

"Don't come and see me, for Pete's sake," said Mr. Haywood. "After you clock in eight-fifteen go to S Block and report to Mr. Morris. He'll take both your cards." (To be continued)

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DOUGLAS.

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